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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1911.

The Week

"Talk of Roosevelt next year reviving." Of course it is. Republicans who believe that they have an invincible hero cannot help looking his way as they anxiously contemplate 1912. But some of the misapprehensions on the subject are both amusing and pathetic. Thus a Washington dispatch informs us that the friends of the ex-President are confirmed in the hope that he may come forward as a candidate again, by the news they get from New York that he is about to sally forth and attack Boss Barnes, with the purpose of wresting the State leadership from him. If this is true, however, it is the most conclusive evidence that the Colonel has not the slightest idea of allowing his name to go before the National Convention. Last year, it is true, he fought Barnes in the name of decency and righteousness; but now that the latter is in undisputed control of the State organization, and able to name the majority of the New York delegates, he becomes by that very fact decent and righteous. No practical man like Harriman would now dream of attacking him.

The unanimous decision of the Federal Circuit Court as to the manner of dissolving the Tobacco Trust is, we believe, in line with law, precedent, and common sense. It sustains emphatically the lawfulness of the plan of distributing shares in the newly-formed companies *pro rata* to existing shareholders in the Trust. It rejects the contention of the independent tobacco interests that the Trust ought to be broken into a much greater number of separate units, that no single company be left with a more complete equipment than any of the independents now possess, and that no present shareholder in the Trust be allotted shares in more than one of the separate corporations. We have hitherto set forth our own reasons for believing that none of these three proposals is called for by the Anti-Trust Law, and that all of them were contrary to precedent fixed by the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities and Standard Oil reorganizations. That the second of them was economically unwarranted, and that the third was wholly impracticable, has also been our opinion. The court dismisses even the Attorney-General's suggestion that the new corporations be held under special legal surveillance during the next five years, with a view to reopening, if desired, the question whether conditions created by the reorganization were honestly in harmony with the law. The leading opinion sets forth that "it is not apparent that this court has the power to do so," or that the Supreme Court's mandate authorized the Circuit Court "to prescribe the temporary terms of a *modus vivendi*," with the power for the present court, or its successors, to modify the terms of reorganization five years hence, when new investors might have come into the property on the basis of the present plan.

In Maryland, the election of a Republican Governor, for the first time since the civil war with the single exception of the election of 1895, is not the only interesting result of the recent voting. In addition to that, the disfranchising amendment has been snowed under, the vote in Baltimore being 43,671 against it and only 23,120 in its favor. It is to be hoped that common sense exists in sufficient quantity among Maryland Democrats to make this latest verdict on a perennial nuisance suffice for good and all. The negrophobia, real or pretended, which underlies these ever-repeated attempts to get round the Constitution of the United States, is peculiarly indefensible in a State in which the colored population is not much more than one-sixth of the total; but be that as it may, the way in which the attempts have been defeated, time after time, in spite of the most desperate endeavors of legal lights to devise some plan that would go down, ought to suffice to make any sane Anglo-Saxon drop the thing at last, in sheer disgust if for no other reason.

After two years of commission government, Chelsea, Mass., has voted to return to the old system of Mayor and Aldermen. As in the case of Galveston, it was a disaster that led to the adoption of the new form of government, Chelsea having been almost destroyed by fire two years ago. As a result of this, presumably, the census returns for 1910 showed a falling off of 2,000 from the population of 34,000 in 1900. The majority in favor of the old system was not large, but that it should not have been overwhelmingly on the other side will be the wonder to the ardent advocates of the commission form. Chelsea is of the size to which that system is supposed to be well adapted. Whatever the local reasons for its abandonment there, the result, while settling nothing as to the inherent merits or defects of the system, is a reminder that it is not a panacea. Whatever may be its ultimate fate, it is well for its supporters to recognize this in the beginning.

By his inflexible refusal to treat with striking and lawless employees of the city government, Mayor Gaynor has rendered an inestimable service to the community of New York, and to the cause of law and order everywhere. That he has been thoroughly sustained by public sentiment is manifest. Indeed, were it otherwise, there would be reason for grave anxiety in regard to our future; but the hearty support which the city has given to its executive head in this matter is rendered peculiarly significant by the circumstance that a good many persons desire, from the standpoint of their own personal comfort, the change which the mutinous street-cleaners demand. All such considerations drop out of sight when the choice between law and anarchy is presented; in such a situation nothing but unconditional surrender can be considered for a moment. To the Street Cleaning Commissioner and to the police, in their decisive grappling with the difficulties, the hearty thanks of the community are also due.

The granite temple encasing the log cabin at Hodgensville, Kentucky, in which Abraham Lincoln was born, is really a happy piece of symbolism. How better could one commemorate the rise from humblest beginnings to the highest destiny? It is appropriate, too, that the memorial should stand in an out-of-the-way corner of that pioneer West whose qualities and energies and rôle in our history Lincoln so thoroughly

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embodied. We are not over-rich in national shrines. Mount Vernon alone has that character. Jefferson's Monticello and Jackson's Hermitage carry with them something of a party flavor: we think of them in a somewhat narrow sense as pilgrimage-places of Democracy. That may be the fault of party orators who have shown a tendency to claim the two men for their own. No such attitude is conceivable with regard to Abraham Lincoln. His memorial, because of its geographical situation, will probably never attract the crowds which flock to Mount Vernon, but, on the other hand, the visitor to Hodgensville will be drawn there by something more than tourist curiosity.

It is significant of the steady awakening to the architectural possibilities of our cities that the first important event in Bangor, Me., after its destructive fire of last April, was a mass-meeting which directed the Mayor to appoint a Civic Commission to study the burned district, and to report suggestions for improvement in connection with its rebuilding. Most permits to rebuild were withheld awaiting the report. This was presented within thirty days, but its provisions have received little notice outside of the city affected. As noted in the last number of *Landscape Architecture*, Bangor has certain natural advantages that are unusual in relation to a city plan. That these have not heretofore been utilized to their full extent is shown by the statement that, for four hundred feet up the Kenduskeag stream, the original beauty of the bank has been smothered under thirty feet of trash, the accumulations of many years. Another feature is the number of buildings that form street terminals, visually if not actually. No one will be surprised to learn that this was usually the effect of chance rather than design. Not less important is the progress, again unconscious, that has been made toward a civic centre. Before the fire the buildings were arranged in a haphazard fashion, but the land owned by the public now lends itself easily to interesting treatment. Bangor thus affords one illustration more of the consolation for our lack of harmonious city planning to be found in the opportunity opened by our fire losses.

The award to Mme. Curie of the Nobel prize for chemistry is a signal distinction. Indeed, the assignment of this great honor and emolument to a person who had already been—though jointly with two others, M. Becquerel and M. Curie—the winner of a Nobel prize seemed so extraordinary that one felt a momentary hesitation in accepting it as a fact. That Mme. Curie's work, however, has been of the highest merit and importance in the years that have passed since the discovery of radium by herself and her husband is well known; and the estimate placed upon her researches and upon her ability by fellow-workers in the domain of physics and chemistry has had more than one recent demonstration. In the early part of this year, she missed by only one vote the honor of election as a member of the Paris Academy of Sciences; and at the International Congress of Radiology, held a year ago at Brussels, it was to Mme. Curie that the task was committed of preparing a standard specimen of a pure radium salt, to serve as a basis of reference for all workers in radiology. The discoveries she has made since the death of her husband have been such as to dispose completely of the notion, entertained by some, that in their joint work in the discovery of radium her part was subordinate to that of M. Curie—who himself, of course, always asserted her claim to a full and equal share in the discovery.

Mr. Carnegie's latest magnificent gift of $25,000,000 is proof positive that his numerous benefactions for general and educational purposes are to be continued permanently. He has, as it were, incorporated himself for philanthropic purposes, chiefly of an educational character, and under a charter which leaves abundant discretion to his trustees and does not tie them up in a way to hamper them or their successors years hence, in the carrying out of Mr. Carnegie's purposes. Primarily, it is the "business of founding and aiding libraries" which is to be turned over to them. When before in the world was there ever a *business* of philanthropy conducted on so vast a scale by a single individual? Also it is to be an enterprise to further the advancement and diffusion of knowledge among the people of the United States by aiding universities and technical schools, scientific research, etc. Mr. Carnegie incorporated will, we are confident, continue to give as wisely as Mr. Carnegie *in propria persona*.

In the current number of the *Survey* there appears a letter from Joseph A. Hill, Chief Statistician of the Census Bureau, which gives facts and figures of great importance. Whenever the subject of the wages of saleswomen comes up, the question must arise in every one's mind, how many of them live at home; for their situation, both economically and otherwise, is radically different from that of those who live among strangers. An inquiry by the Census Bureau, covering 27 of the principal cities of the United States, and embracing 65,186 saleswomen "sixteen years of age and over," showed that 60,062 of these were single women, and that of the single women 86 per cent. lived at home. It also appears that of these single women living at home less than 5 per cent. were in families in which there was no other breadwinner, while in 26 per cent. of the cases the family contained one, in 30 per cent. two, and in 39 per cent. of the cases three or more breadwinners besides the girl or woman herself. These circumstances are, of course, in no way conclusive as to the question of what wages should be, or what results from their being what they are, but they are of primary importance, and cannot be ignored in any intelligent discussion.

Moreover, the significance of facts like these does not end with the particular phase of the wage question immediately concerned. We are constantly confronted with statistical announcements to the effect that, on the one hand, x dollars a year are absolutely essential to the maintenance of the average workingman's family, above starvation, and that on the other hand the annual income of the average workingman is only y dollars — a much smaller sum—and we are left to reconcile this with patent facts as best we can. This would, perhaps, do no particular harm but for the circumstance that there are thousands of persons of strong sympathies and weak reasoning powers, to whom such statements suffice as conclusive proof of the utter failure and wickedness of the existing economic system. That a large proportion of the workingmen are single men, that these single men either live with their own family or contribute, as boarders, to the revenue of some other family, that the grown-up girls or single

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women add to the family income, etc.—these things are lost sight of.

The situation in Canada once more exemplifies how party labels in British politics, both at home and in the colonies, are by no means an infallible guide to party programmes. The frequency with which the British Conservatives have stolen the Liberal thunder is one of the principal things that have kept the Conservative party alive. In Canada we have seen the Laurier Ministry borrow from its opponents the policy of preferential trade with England. We have also seen the same Liberal Ministry go in for the idea of a Canadian navy, a measure so strongly impregnated with British Imperialism that the French element in Quebec took alarm. Thus the late campaign presented the paradox of the Liberals defending and the Conservatives attacking an imperialistic policy. Nor is that all. In the Cabinet organized by Premier Borden, a place has been found for Mr. Monk, the chief lieutenant of Mr. Henri Bourassa. Mr. Monk's appointment is now denounced by the Liberal press as a "fatal concession to Quebec nationalism." Of Mr. Borden himself it is stated that he is a reformer rather than a Tory, and that possibly, "if his whole mind could be revealed, he has much sympathy with the social programme of the British Liberals." Thus party government tends more and more toward denoting a difference in mere methods, rather than in fundamental policy.

Winston Churchill's first speech as First Lord of the Admiralty ought to produce a fairly good impression in Germany, for he went out of his way to pay a tribute to the truthfulness of the German Government in its statements about the German naval programme. When it is remembered how, only two or three years ago, British Ministers were outdoing one another in raucous assertions that Germany had a secret battleship or two up her sleeve, it is apparent that Mr. Churchill finds frank confession good for the soul. As for the rest, Mr. Churchill speaks, as all First Lords must, of the necessity of having a big, strong fleet ready for instant action and far superior to any possible rival. This sop to the big-navy boomers was, of course, inevitable. He also frankly admitted, as others have before him, that the growth of the navy was determined by Germany's attitude and fleet. After expressing a desire for a cessation of this mad competition, Mr. Churchill stated that the navy estimates will be decreased slightly, "provided that the national security is not in the slightest degree compromised by such reduction." This is vague enough, Heaven knows, to please all hands and offend nobody.

The German Chancellor's assertion in the Reichstag that he neither "expects praise nor fears blame," evidences a philosophical turn of mind which he will much need in the next few months. For no one in all Germany seems satisfied with his achievements in the Morocco negotiations. There is a universal belief that, after carrying the country to the verge of war, he backed down completely. Members of every party have openly criticised him, from the Socialists to the Centre, and in addition colonial ministers have resigned in protest, and the Crown Prince openly signified his disapproval in the royal box in the Reichstag. Both of the latter happenings are unheard of demonstrations. Childish though the Crown Prince's behavior seems to have been, it may yet compel the Chancellor to tender his resignation; it has already earned for the Crown Prince a week's arrest and a sound scolding at the hands of his royal father. The very nature of the official statement to the effect that the Crown Prince and his brothers are not conspiring for the overthrow of Von Bethmann-Hollweg, is unprecedented in German politics, while the whole incident smacks of something pretty close to mutiny among the Hohenzollerns. Certainly, the Crown Prince's début in politics, if this be it, does not argue that he possesses either wisdom or self-restraint.

On the whole question of the effect on public opinion of the reported atrocities of Italian soldiers in Tripoli, no one is better fitted to speak than Mr. G. M. Trevelyan. A proved lover of Italy and a most sympathetic historian of her struggles for freedom and unity, two letters of his in the London *Times* show into what doubt and pain he has been plunged by the acts performed in the name of "military exigency." He declares that he has received too much kindness from Italians, and has "seen too much of Italian officers, to believe that cruelty will be allowed to become systematic in their army." Yet the evidence, in the face of all the denials made, compels him to believe that a "spirit of savage reprisals" entered into the Italian troops, and that they committed deeds shocking to humanity. Mr. Trevelyan does not deny that the same thing has happened with soldiers of other countries, "not excluding the British," but his point is that Italy cannot afford to let her war against the Turks get the reputation of being cruel. To apply to Arabs the devastating treatment that the Austrians applied in Brescia is, affirms Mr. Trevelyan, simply to bring out the fact that "the Arabs have much more *legal* right to resist them than the Italians had to resist the Austrians."

The revolution in China harks directly back to the struggle of 1894-95 with Japan. In that war the prestige of the old Manchu army, which for two hundred and fifty years had sufficed to keep the Chinese in subjection, was completely destroyed. The Throne faced the alternative of a revolution or the creation of a modern army capable of defending the national honor abroad. The first task was to procure a body of trained officers, and within a few years no less than nineteen military schools were established. These schools were manned by Japanese army officers, and later by Chinese graduates from the military schools of Japan. To officer an army of a size commensurate with China's needs, it was not enough to draw upon the Manchu clans. The door had perforce to be thrown open to the Chinese. The latter embraced the new profession with an ardor that seems to belie the traditional aversion of the Chinese for war. But, as one authority has explained, the Chinese hated military service so long as it was the exclusive privilege of their Manchu conquerors. To-day it is estimated that there are five thousand students enrolled in the officers' schools in China and Japan. As events have shown, it was, with the Manchus, only a postponement of the evil day. In fear of a popular uprising, they allowed the Chinese to acquire gradual control of the army, and the latter have lost little time in making use of their opportunities.

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A MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS.

The Interstate Commerce Committee of the United States Senate begins this week its hearings on the general subject of anti-Trust laws. But the country has already begun hearings, on an enormous scale. Everybody has his complaint; everybody his remedy. No lawyer so insignificant, no business man so humble, but he can tell you all about the mischiefs of the Sherman law; and no citizen is deterred by previous lack of acquaintance with the matter from offering drafts of new statutes which would at once undo the evils of the old one and make us all rich and happy. As every resident of Boston used to be said to carry a complete new system of the universe under his hat, so every American to-day is ready to stand and deliver, when called upon (too often, alas, before anybody calls upon him), the plan of a perfect anti-Trust law. The authors of these plans do indeed confess frequently that their outline is "crude" or merely "tentative," but that does not prevent them from urging their relief-measures with the greatest confidence. Never was the nation's multitude of counsellors so great, whether wisdom resides in them or not.

Byron woke up to find himself famous, but the Sherman law woke up from its long sleep to find itself infamous. Abuse and dread of it when in effect are far greater than the contempt which was expressed for it while it was "dormant." From being a thing to point to with pride as the work of great lawyer-Senators like Edmunds and Hoar, and as evidence of party good faith, it has come to be spoken of as something not merely imbecile but well-nigh criminal. It was "prompted by something of a revengeful spirit," "terror is its keynote," it "seeks to imprison people for keeping out of debt," it "belongs to the period of blood-letting in medicine" —such are a few of the phrases about it to be culled from a single address recently given on the Sherman law. That statute is certainly no longer in danger of the curse of being spoken of well by all men. It is the most belabored of acts of Congress, and its speedy repeal or radical amendment is confidently predicted. Congress, it is hopefully said, will not deny the petition of the suffering millions of business men.

For our part, we would not say one word against all this agitation. If it means the active entrance of business men into politics, for public ends and in the use of honorable methods, we can but hail it. But the real business intellect must deal with facts, not wild imaginings, and the fact that bulks largest before the business world to-day, in connection with this whole affair, is that any Congressional action looking to the amendment of the Sherman law, except possibly to render it more drastic, is entirely out of the question for at least a year to come. There will be hearings, and we presume that a flood of bills will be introduced. It is possible that the President may recommend some measure to supplement the Sherman law —not to shear it of power—in the way of Federal incorporation or a Federal license for large corporations doing an interstate business. But no one who knows the state of mind whether of Congress or of the country, no one who considers the party deadlock and jealousy between the two houses, no one who duly weighs the imminence and significance of the Presidential election, can give to the most despairing business men—"too quick despairers," we are tempted to call them—the slightest hope that any legislation of the kind they desire can possibly be enacted in the coming session.

Let the agitation for repeal or amendment go on by all means, but let it be clear-sighted enough to see how long and difficult is the path to actual legislative accomplishment. Against such a mental condition of the nation as now exists on the subject of anti-Trust laws, it is idle to rail, except for the purpose of affording relief to those who are suffering from retained expletives. We may set out to convert the people, but that takes a lot of time, and meanwhile what is there to do but to conform to the will of the people as already expressed in existing law? Business men are supposed to be nothing if not matter of fact; lawyers are our great realists, looking at the thing as it is; but neither class will live up to its reputation if it does not conclude that, for the present, there is nothing for the Federal authorities to do but to enforce the Sherman law, and nothing for captains of industry and chiefs of great business to do except to adjust themselves to the judicial interpretations of that law as best they can.

We do not deny that there is some ground for the lingering complaint of big corporations and their counsel that they do not yet know clearly what they can do under the Sherman law. But the debatable territory has been greatly narrowed by the recent decisions. It was of them that President Taft said in Iowa: "The business community now knows, or ought to know, where it stands." A citizen of Indiana has written a pamphlet in which he says that if the high-priced lawyers of New York cannot tell corporations what powers they have left, they had better consult a country lawyer who for a fee of $100 would give them all the advice they need—which is simply to obey the law. This is Indiana humor. But there can be no suspicion of jesting in the circular letter which the Civic Federation is sending out to 20,000 representative men in business and the professions. This starts off with the blunt assertion that the Sherman law, as now interpreted by the Supreme Court, means that "any combination in restraint of trade with the purpose of controlling prices and stifling competition is unlawful." Such a lay statement shows at least what combinations can *not* do. This negative part of the anti-Trust law, at any rate, is now understood; and it is beyond all the wits of all the differing doctors of that law to change those prohibitions into permissions.

CITY GOVERNMENT AND SOCIALISM.

The municipal victories of the Socialist party in New York, Ohio, Wisconsin, and other States have been universally regarded as striking. While estimates may vary widely in attempting an appraisal, no open-minded person can doubt that these Socialist votes indicate a rapid growth both in Socialistic sentiment proper and in that feeling of profound dissatisfaction with our existing municipal régimes which has nothing in it that can in any permissible sense be designated as Socialism. In Schenectady, in Milwaukee, in the Ohio towns carried by the Socialists, thousands of votes were cast for their ticket by men who have no idea of attempting to overthrow the existing economic system. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the absence of such intention insures the sterilization of these votes as part of that general socialistic ferment with which, in this country, we shall probably have to reckon more

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and more seriously year after year. To all the other heavy penalties, therefore, that we have been paying for our notorious failure to master the problem of municipal government there must now be added the strengthening, in a purely adventitious and unnecessary way, of the forces making toward economic revolution.

What those penalties have been everybody realizes in detail; but we do not see the forest for the trees. Every great American city has been familiar, year after year for generations, with the particular evils which the system of government either by alternating or continuous party machines brings with it. At almost every municipal election the question in which "the better element" is concerned is how to cut down peculation and incompetence and favoritism and neglect. Everybody knows what it means to have a public-building theft, or padded registrations, or a horde of needless henchmen paid out of the city treasury, or venal and ruffianly police magistrates, or stolen franchises; and, indeed, it may be said with entire truth that during the past three decades great and most gratifying progress has been made in regard to all such abuses. But few people comprehend the terrible price we have been paying for the necessity of devoting to the fight against these evils that energy which would otherwise have been free for the procuring of great positive benefits. In the face of tremendous difficulties, a comparatively small number of voters determined on reform have compelled a gradual but steady advance in our municipal standards; nevertheless to any detached observer, to any person not hardened by use to the spectacle, the public history of our municipalities would make the impression of something very like a nightmare. Instead of turning on large and substantial questions of city policy or city advantage, our municipal campaigns have been in the main fights between opposing party organizations for the possession of the spoils of office; and the highest ambition of the independent voter has been to reduce the evils of this situation to a minimum.

The time seems at last to have come when the number of those American citizens who are tired of "marking time" in this way has reached formidable dimensions. They are helping the Socialists to elect their Mayors and Councilmen because the Socialists, whatever else they may be after, do look upon the possession of the city government as an opportunity for doing things of real importance to the community. Whether they will make good use of their opportunity may be doubtful; but certainly this is what the voters expect who, without being Socialists, have put Socialists in power. They vote John Smith, Socialist, into the Mayoralty not because they want him to get the salary or the patronage, but because they want to get better streets, more economical government, more equitable expenditure of the taxes. It may be that some of the things that they are after have in them a certain suggestion of Socialistic feeling. But, principally, they are tired of seeing the poorer parts of the city dirty or ill-paved or insufficiently lighted, or the health laws not properly enforced, and simply demand a fair, honest, and enlightened government.

A single illustration of the way in which our absorption in fighting abuses has blocked the larger possibilities of municipal life may suffice instead of many. Amendment Number Four, which was voted on by the people of New York last week, proposes to give the municipalities of the State larger powers than they now possess in making condemnations for public improvements. Nearly a hundred years ago, when the government of New York city attempted in a small way to exercise such powers, it was barred by a court decision, declaring the proposed action to be unconstitutional. In the century that has passed since then there has grown up on this island and its adjacent territory, in place of a small provincial town, a vast city, of dazzling wealth and far outstripping in population every city in the world except London. In the course of this stupendous development many things have been done upon which we can look with pride and satisfaction, but many more things have been done, and left undone, the thought of which must fill any reflecting person with profound regret. But in the whole course of that hundred years the question whether it was or was not best for the city to obtain by Constitutional amendment the power which was denied it by that one court decision of long, long ago did not so much as make its appearance.

Men were too busy thinking about Fernando Wood, or Tweed, or Platt, or Croker, or Murphy, to take a moment's thought for so "academic" a question as whether it would be well to strengthen the hands of the city government in dealing with the problems presented in the opening of streets, the creation and enlargement of parks, the clearing up of slums, and the like. The principle of "excess condemnation" may be good or bad; we think it is good, many respectable people think it is bad. That is not now the point. The point is that this policy, whose importance has long been recognized in European cities, and whose application is obviously of peculiar range and significance in a city of such rapid growth and swift change as New York, has hardly had a moment's attention at the hands of the community. And what is true of this question is almost equally true of nearly every other of the great questions that ought to be issues in municipal politics. Through men and women in private life, many great public benefits have been pressed to accomplishment; but who can point to a single one of them—tenement-house reform, modern pavements, improved fire and factory inspection, et cetera—that has formed the centre of interest in our governmental contests? In the diversion of civic energy from the real interests of the community our monstrous bi-partisan system of city government has inflicted upon American municipalities its deepest wounds.

MR. BALFOUR'S RETIREMENT.

"I wonder," wrote Arthur Balfour to the Duke of Devonshire, a dozen years ago, "whether if I should live to the age of seventy-two I should still care for a Cabinet office. I like it so little at fifty-two that I don't think I should." Something of that spirit of detachment, and of doing a work against the greater inclination, has marked Mr. Balfour's leadership of the Conservative party, which he on Wednesday of last week laid down. In his very speech announcing his determination to retire, there appears the attitude of an introspective philosopher, analyzing his own consciousness and his own powers as well as the political situation, and making his decision on grounds of pure reason fully as much as for the good of the party. One seems to detect in his remarks a certain zest as of a born student and metaphysician at last permitted to

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escape from the crushing routine of political life and to return to his books and brooding studies. In the last number of the *Hibbert Journal* Mr. Balfour had an acute critique of some of M. Bergson's philosophical positions, in which he expressed the regret that he had been unable to keep up with the progress of metaphysical speculation in America and in Germany as he had wished. Now one can fancy him happy again, far from the madding crowd and in the still air of delightful studies. Mr. Balfour has the air of a man shaking off the garb of the politician, which he has been forced to wear for so many years, and going back joyfully to the philosopher's robe and academe.

His resignation we take to be sincere, and not a matter of tactics. His instincts are those of the high-bred gentleman, not of a political manœuvrer. He bases his retirement, moreover, partly upon uncertain health, from which it is known he has suffered in recent years, and which has compelled him to frequent absences from the House of Commons. There has been, of course, a noisy movement to depose him from the Conservative leadership. But by this it is improbable that he has been greatly moved. Even his bitterest enemies admitted that he could not be forced out. The writer of an article in the last *Fortnightly*, which was strongly averse to Balfour's continuing as leader, concluded that his retirement must be voluntary. Possibly, the clamor which has been raised against him may have had the effect of making him feel more irked by the duties of his position, but he had no reason to be afraid of his antagonists within the party. They could annoy him, doubtless, but they could not intimidate him and certainly could not oust him. The resulting party situation would have been awkward, but it could not have been nearly so critical or cruel as that which Mr. Balfour had to face in 1903 and 1904, after Chamberlain had left the Cabinet and was keeping up his galling fire from the outside. Yet in those difficult and even humiliating circumstances Balfour preserved his equanimity and his courage, and kept up a losing fight with extraordinary spirit and an unfailing dialectical resource.

Upon his political career, this is not the time to pass a formal verdict. His record is very long, for a man of his years, and has been distinguished in the important sense that great intellectual distinction has always marked him. As a figure in Parliament, he has won the respect and often the affection of even his opponents. Lloyd George is at the antipodes of Balfour, both in spirit and methods, and the two have had many rude encounters in the Commons; but when Mr. George introduced Balfour to a great meeting of Welshmen, some months ago, he paid a warm tribute to his abilities and his character, and said that in the House of Commons "we are all proud of him." Too much, in fact, cannot be said for the grace and magnanimity of Mr. Balfour's manner, or for the intellectual quality which he has displayed in debate. With a mind so subtle as his and a temperament not easily kindled, he has been unable to rise to the highest and most inspiring kind of political leadership; but he has built up a personal tradition which will not soon be forgotten, and we get a fair measure of the place he has made for himself in the public life of England when we see how hard it is to find anybody to take up his work.

In selecting Mr. Bonar Law as leader in his place, the English Conservatives have, in fact, made public confession of the low estate into which their party has fallen. Mr. Law is, no doubt, a man of parts, who has made a specialty of finance, but he has not even been in the Cabinet, and his accession now to the vacant leadership can be thought of as only a makeshift, until he or somebody else develops undisputed ability to head the party. What makes this Conservative dearth of talent the more notable is that the party has long claimed to be, and has been in large degree, the party of "the intellectuals." With the Parliamentary representatives of most of the universities in its ranks, and with an undoubted majority of highly cultivated Englishmen on its side, it yet seems to have gone stale. By contrast the position of the despised Liberals appears markedly advantageous. If Mr. Asquith were to retire next week, he could be succeeded by Lloyd George or Mr. Birrell or Sir Edward Grey or Winston Churchill. If the last, by the way, had not crossed the floor of the House of Commons, he would probably by this time have made such a place for himself in the Conservative party, by his dash and popular qualities, that he would have first been turned to when Balfour resigned.

"WHAT TO EXPECT OF SHAKESPEARE."

It was a happy choice when the British Academy asked M. Jusserand to deliver its first annual Shakespeare lecture, the printed form of which has just reached us. This is, of course, not the first time that the French Ambassador to Washington has expressed his view of the English dramatist. But the special occasion seems to have sharpened his ideas to what we would gladly believe is something like prophetic utterance. If it were not that his lecture shows the profound understanding to be expected of him, one would be tempted to call it a *tour de force*. The fate of Shakespeare at the hands of other distinguished French critics has too often been disastrous. While recognizing his superb poetry, men steeped in the tradition of Corneille and Racine have naturally found Shakespeare's art sadly lacking. M. Jusserand, by a supreme act of sympathy, avoids such comparisons as futile, and enters directly into the conditions from which the plays freshly sprang, grasping at the same time the perennial urgency of Shakespeare's appeal.

In M. Jusserand are combined and tempered the two tendencies which comprise the main body of Shakespearean criticism to-day. One forces critics into the attitude of inarticulate wonder. Swinburne was affected in this way, though Mr. Watts-Dunton is perhaps the most notable example. It is not strange that by reaction unscholarly minds have pronounced Shakespeare archaic and remote from actual life. The other tendency has the greater number of thoughtful followers. Busied with stage technique in Elizabethan days, with the sources of material, with social and political gossip, and with all the other odds and ends which form the background of a period, they find it easy to explain their master as a natural product of his time. They concede, of course, that he was a genius, but urge little or nothing save the verdict of continued performances to prove that his work is bound to last. Considering the upheaval with which literary standards are threatened, we welcome M. Jusserand's more penetrating method. He does not accept every line of Shakespeare as inspired. He deprecates his indecencies, haste, and certain scandalous inaccuracies of fact, but discovers in this very

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method of composition a token of human interest. In addition, he nicely appraises the quality of Shakespeare's genius and predicts that popular regard for Shakespeare is almost sure to increase with the years.

The question of Shakespeare's moral intent has given even his stanch admirers a deal of bother. The fate of Desdemona, of Cordelia, and of Ophelia has seemed to them to transgress a principle essential in drama—that virtue shall be rewarded. One helpless critic professes to believe that Desdemona was not spared because of her lie about the handkerchief. Emerson also had his misgivings. Yet M. Jusserand places Shakespeare in this matter much nearer Aristotle than many of Aristotle's learned followers. "The great philosopher did nothing but sum up the teachings of good sense and adapt them to Greek manners. The great poet did nothing but follow the same teachings, as given him by his own sound nature, and adapt them to English wants. As both were men of genius and both were excellent observers, the one taught and the other acted in similar fashion." Aristotle had insisted that the rational end of dramatic poetry was not to moralize, but to give pleasure; and Shakespeare's attitude was precisely that. The story of innocent victims in the plays is written, says M. Jusserand, without any moral purpose, but not without moral effect. "It obliges human hearts to melt, it teaches them pity." "For breaking the crust of inborn egoism, Shakespeare has, among playwrights, no equal." The fact that his moral effect is got by the way and without conscious striving, places him in that respect with the believers in "art for art's sake," yet his almost constant regard for his audience has kept his productions rooted in realities.

For convincing skeptics that reality in the plays is thoroughgoing, M. Jusserand is well equipped. It is not merely the fooling which seems real to him, but the vivid portraits as well. The point is worth dwelling on in these days when the principle of artistic emphasis is generally so little understood. Sticklers for realism fail to discern that their own works do not entirely square with their creed. A play, for all its modern stage devices, can never be a literal transcript of what it represents. Time flies, but not so fast as it is made to fly on the stage; entrances and exits jump with the proper occasion; and in many other ways it could be shown that a playwright can never escape from the need of illusion. Dialogue itself is never starkly natural: the clever sally within a person's capability he would often not make at just the given juncture. Hence the proper rule for a writer becomes a question of degree. M. Jusserand brings out the truth, not by stating, as many have done, that Shakespeare creates characters not as they are, but as they ought to be; but by insisting that he catches them at their most distinctive moments, and, like the artist at the psychological instant, says, "Look!" "There are moments when we do not look like ourselves: such moments are often selected by photographers." The true artist knows how to bring out that which makes individuals distinct.

Because Shakespeare saw deeper into men and women than most writers, his language must be far removed from what constitutes ordinary conversation. It strives to report and sustain the scattered instances in a man's life when he would admit that he had done himself justice before others. Now, this is not saying that young dramatists should at once begin to practise exalted utterance. At times Shakespeare's influence on mediocrity has produced unmeaning bombast, from which he himself was not wholly free. But there is room for a better understanding of the artistic principle for which he stood. The serious drama of to-day lacks spiritual values, without which life can never appear complete or true. It is reassuring to get from a man like M. Jusserand the prediction that these higher beauties in Shakespeare will be more and more appreciated, even by the masses.

PROFESSORIAL WRATH.

There is one indictment against our colleges which Mr. Crane of Chicago might have brought forward with real effect: our college professors have forgotten, or never learned, how to quarrel. Outside of politics and baseball we have no art of controversy. We speak glibly enough of the battlefield of ideas, but how often does an abstract idea or a theoretical proposition make an American college professor lose his temper and his manners? And yet, if we look abroad, and back into time, we find that scholarship has never been able to dispense with a certain amount of vituperation. There is a story of a German professor who prayed: "Oh, thou Jehovah, whom that blockhead at Leipzig insists upon calling Jahveh." He was a true descendant of the age when John Milton and Salmasius showed what extraordinary effects may be obtained by mixing equal portions of Ciceronian Latin and billingsgate. The joy with which the men of the Renaissance seized upon the rediscovered classic literature must have been due in part to the large number of new words that were rendered available for defamatory purposes. Ideas were very real to men at that time, and were therefore worth fighting for. The scholar and gentleman is a modern development.

We speak with satisfaction of the growing amenities of life. But it is always necessary to distinguish between true self-restraint and mere indifference. In the days when theology was concerned with the awful problems of salvation, quarrelling theologians found it quite natural to consign each other to perdition. But it would be absurd to-day for two ministers who differ in their views on boys' clubs and model employment bureaus to devote each other to a hell in which neither one believes. The parents of the little boy in Heine's Göttingen, who was forbidden to play with the other little boy who did not know the genitive of *mensa*, were not snobs, because they thought an elementary knowledge of Latin as important as the proper way of using one's knife and fork. In the final scheme of things it is as important that men should quarrel over the use of "It is me" as that they should over the gold standard or the commission form of government. And it is also more justifiable, to the extent that no material interests enter into the problem. When truth itself is at stake, violence ceases to be ignoble. Then it becomes evident that a man who holds erroneous views on the wing structure of the Coleoptera is capable of embezzling other people's money and probably beats his wife. After all, it is one way of honoring truth to refuse to sit down at table with the man who differs from you on the use of the subjunctive in Horace.

The college professor is not alone in his sin. He is only the one most conspicuously identified with the business

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of ideas and the one who seems to have sunk deepest into the slough of indifference. Literature, drama, art, and criticism show the same lack of the combative spirit. We have humor, of course, and it may be argued that we do hit out and kill with ridicule. But again the question arises, how much of our good-humored way of hitting out is due to good-nature and how much to sheer indifference. Let some one of authority announce that Shakespeare was a second-rate poet. The newspaper paragraphers will have a merry time of it for a day or two, and there the matter will end. But in Germany the professors would rise up against the iconoclast and call him coarse names. And when a lecturer in Paris declared that Racine's "Iphigénie" was poor stuff, the audience stormed the platform and knocked off the lecturer's spectacles with his own silk-hat. And good old Dr. Furnivall believed that any man who differed with him regarding the date of "Titus Andronicus" was a liar and a creature of the devil. Mr. Carnegie propounds a new form of the English tongue; Dr. Eliot publishes his views on the religion of the future; a Chicago professor announces that woman lacks the moral sense; and we have to look hard to find a man who loses his temper in consequence.

If the college professor is sometimes moved to reflect sadly upon the charm that football, compared with ideas, holds for the average undergraduate, he need only think for a moment of what happens in football. Eleven men face eleven other men and knock one another about. But when the men have ceased leaping on one another's prostrate form and reciprocally injecting their elbows into their thoraxes, they part good friends after impressing the spectator with a sense of the tremendous importance of the issue fought out. The injection of a certain amount of controversial venom into the scholastic arena might have the same popularizing effect. If two prominent professors were to call each other names about the use of "were" after "none," the effect on the undergraduate attention would be remarkable. And the headline writers would seize upon the offensive epithets with a joy that could not but redound to the best interests of scholarship.

THE WESTERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY.

CHICAGO, November 13.

The second conference of the society, held in this city, November 11, was devoted to the subject of Currency and Banking Reform. At two general sessions, bankers and economists discussed the outline of monetary legislation submitted to the National Monetary Commission by ex-Senator Aldrich. After a banquet in the evening prominent advocates of the plan were heard. Secretary MacVeagh spoke in warm approval. A. C. Bartlett of Chicago made a brief address in his capacity of president of the organization of business men, which, under the name of the National Citizens' League, is endeavoring to procure the enactment of the proposed legislation. Mr. Aldrich himself, the special guest of the evening, touched upon the work of the Currency Commission, and replied with engaging directness and spirit to the criticisms which had been offered during the day.

The participants in the discussions at this conference for the most part fixed their attention either upon the special services which the projected National Reserve Association could render to the banks and to the public they accommodate, or upon the menace of selfish control, by scheming special interests, which so many persons see lurking in the provisions of the Aldrich measure. The former of these two aspects of the subject was prominent in the first paper of the day, in which John Perrin of Indianapolis set forth lucidly the superior efficacy, during times of financial strain, of larger issues of bank notes, which are but a transmutation of deposit-credits, in place of an outflow of actual gold, coming from bank reserves, and sapping the foundations on which all bank credits rest. Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, sketching the system of credit devices employed in moving the cotton crop in the South, showed the heavy financial burden that is annually laid on Southern bankers through lack of ready facilities for rediscount of bills. Prof. O. M. W. Sprague of Harvard pointed out how easily and appropriately the Reserve Association might afford a simple mechanism for making payments between banks by transfer of credits, and how thus demands for gold would be not only much reduced, but also made more regular.

But if the functions of the Reserve Association are so manifold and so important, assurance that it is to be ably and honestly managed becomes all the more urgently necessary. The association ceases to be merely a "bankers' bank"; it assumes the character of a great trusteeship created for the public good. Such was the position taken by Prof. E. W. Kemmerer of Cornell in one of the most interesting papers of the day. Professor Kemmerer, in particular, questioned whether, as Mr. Aldrich's proposal stands, there is not danger that the board of forty-five directors of the National Reserve Association would be elected almost wholly among the members of the banking fraternity, to the exclusion of that fair representation of "the industrial, commercial, agricultural, and other interests of the country," which is stipulated though hardly assured. A far more radical position was taken by ex-Gov. Folk of Missouri, who insisted that control of finances should remain in the hands of the Government, and that the organization to be worked out should take the form of a Federal Department of Finance. But Mr. Folk seemed to many of his hearers to fall into the error of contrasting private enterprise as it unfortunately sometimes has been, with the unrealized ideal government which might be: abstract government, as some will see it, quite incapable of stupidity or wrong. Other speakers found the prospect of a privately managed reserve association less disquieting. Prof. W. A. Scott of the University of Wisconsin showed reasons for believing that the difficulties in the way of "Wall Street" control of the association would be virtually insurmountable. Professor David Kinley of the University of Illinois declared his confidence in the ability and integrity of the banking profession. Secretary MacVeagh took occasion to remark that the Aldrich plan was much more likely to prevent than to promote the power of special interests over the credit of the nation. In many of the discussions there was observable an inclination to recognize in banking problems the principle of nothing venture, nothing have; to concede that restrictive regulation can never of itself create an efficient banking system; and to look hopefully to the example of such an institution as the Bank of England, privately owned and managed by persons who have accepted a moral responsibility to their great constituency and have acquitted themselves with ability and honor.

A few more pronounced critics of the Aldrich plan were numbered among the speakers. Alexander Wall of Milwaukee was of opinion that a more promising reform of past banking evils could be achieved by a slight adaptation of our established local clearing-house system. E. D. Hulbert of Chicago and A. J. Frame of Waukesha, Wisconsin, opposed the reserve association plan in many details. Yet on the whole the criticism elicited during the conference was essentially constructive criticism, offered, in the spirit in which Mr. Aldrich has asked it, by men almost without exception to be reckoned among the supporters of his general proposal. Indeed, if the opinions expressed at these sessions were representative, the prevailing attitude of bankers and

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of the students of banking is little in doubt.

JAMES A. FIELD.

Correspondence

PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY REPLIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I break for once my resolution of never replying to hostile criticism, in this instance partly because it does not seek the shelter of the anonymous, but mainly because it gives me an opportunity of correcting a misconception of my meaning, into which careless readers, careless critics, and, as it now appears, careless professors have frequently fallen. In the *Nation* of November 2 is an attack by Prof. Arlo Bates on my article in *Harper's Magazine* for this month, on the subject of Compulsory Composition in Colleges. It starts out with the assertion and with it the added implication that in the eagerness for notoriety on my part I have for years been advocating "that any possible error in grammar or diction is defensible if it can be proved that the same mistake has crept into the work of a writer of standing." To any careful reader of what I have said upon the subject it is hardly necessary to remark that I have never uttered or even implied any view of the kind. The furthest I have gone is to assert that while a great writer may and doubtless does at times commit errors, the burden of proving them to be such rests upon the critic and not the burden of defending them upon the one criticised; and furthermore, that in at least nine cases out of ten, it is the former who will turn out to have been in fault and not the latter. But the main point upon which I have steadily insisted is that the agreement of the great body of classic authors in our speech establishes what is correct usage, and not the dicta of grammarians; for it is this very agreement of theirs which constitutes good usage. Were it otherwise one man's opinion would be as good as another's. There is nothing novel in this view, though it is a natural inference that Professor Bates has never heard of it. It is precisely the view taken by Horace and Quintilian nearly two thousand years ago.

If arguments based upon such misapprehensions can be used by instructors, what can be hoped for from the men they instruct? Professor Bates's comments justify the charges I have brought against the present system—that it leads men to write without ascertaining the facts and to criticise the views of others without knowing what they are. He asserts under the existing system students learn something. But what is the benefit to be derived from learning what is not so? Still, any man's views are fair game both for those who comprehend them and, as in this case, for those who do not. What I feel called upon to protest mildly against is the discourtesy, not to call it rudeness, of Professor Bates's personal imputation upon my motives. It seems that in expressing views which have not the good fortune to meet with his approbation I am making "one more effort to attract attention." Professor Bates, we all know, does not need efforts of his own of any sort to attract attention. It hastens to wait upon him of itself. Accordingly, as a dweller upon the heights, he is necessarily out of sympathy with the feelings and aspirations of the humbler denizens of the valleys. Hence this unkind comment. Circumstances beyond my control have regrettably deprived me of the pleasure and profit to be gained from perusing the numerous effusions in prose and verse with which Professor Bates has enriched American literature—grief for that calamity being but slightly alleviated by finding it to be one of general prevalence. I am accordingly in no position to form an opinion as to how far his own doubtless pure and perfect diction has left behind that of his noted predecessors who had not the good fortune to share in the training in composition which he himself received and which he in turn imparts to those under his instruction. It must be imputed to prejudice and the infirmities of age that to the views which Professor Bates honors by holding, I prefer those of Bacon and Milton, as well as of several others whom the limited space of a magazine prevented me from citing.

T. R. LOUNSBURY.

New Haven, September 4.

VICIOUS IMMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the general industrial community of Pittsburgh, we have met with another of those murderous attacks on eminent and efficient citizens in the discharge of their duty, to which it is time to put a stop. The shooting of operator David Steen, while on the way with his father to pay the laborers at their mine in Woodville, Pa., was one of the most dastardly crimes ever committed by a foreign immigrant. We are stirred to plead that every citizen of the nation stand with us and see that this thing shall come to an end. I express the common feeling of the community when I plead for a more careful inspection on the part of our Government of the immigrants admitted to the fellowship of our land—notably to this industrial community.

Last year, when in the Balkan States and the South of Italy, where I spent some time endeavoring to examine minutely the environment out of which we receive so vast a population into Allegheny County and the community of Pittsburgh in particular, I was astonished to hear directly from Italians themselves that the very refuse of the population of that region was from time to time swept off the streets of such cities as Salerno, Naples, Perugia, and Sienna (some of them having served in penal institutions, many of them utterly vicious), and embarked for the United States. "We don't want that kind of man here in Italy; we are glad to see him go to America," well-to-do Italians frequently said to me. As I went into the smaller towns and villages of southern Italy and saw the vicious men and women preparing to go to America, I felt the shame of it, the downright shame of exposing our best and most efficient men to the bullet of the assassin, and our homes to the disintegration of the degenerate.

Now it is one of our most capable young business men; four years ago, Ferguson, the coal company paymaster, blown up by a charge of dynamite connected with a battery in the thicket of a Washington County roadside. To-morrow who shall it be?

The worst feature of the affair, next to the inexpressible sorrow of the friends and family, is the fact that the assassins have not been apprehended. Seen by the aged father, who drove half a mile with his dead son in his arms, they have escaped the arm of the law, and probably from their retreat witnessed the sad funeral procession that filed down our beautiful valley.

It is but natural to ask that such a sacrifice be not in vain. When men like Major Steen can be shot on our highways at high noon, and the assassins go off scot free, I submit that the time has come for decisive action.

GEORGE MORGAN DUFF.

Pittsburgh, Pa., October 27.

NATURAL SELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 19 (p. 376) I notice some remarks on natural selection which seem possibly misleading without further amplification. It is true, indeed, that naturalists differ greatly in the importance they assign to the Darwinian factor; and just at present biological fashion emphasizes other aspects of evolution. What the public may take for the mature judgment of science is perhaps often no more than a temporary psychological phenomenon, arising from the fact that when the attention is concentrated in one place, it becomes lax in others.

There are nevertheless some well-ascertained facts, not known to Darwin, which necessarily modify the Darwinian idea. We know more to-day than formerly about the different kinds of variation and the manner of inheritance. We know that very much of the commonly observed variation is due to the immediate influence of the environment, and is not inherited. When only this sort of variation is present, neither natural nor artificial selection will bring about any evolution, unless perchance the environment has affected the germ-plasm itself. On the other hand, we know that original variations may occur in the germ-plasm, and are heritable, often furnishing from the start material for selection. We know further that new heritable characters are not necessarily lost by crossing, but may preserve their integrity, and through various combinations give rise to several effectively distinct types. If a species presents no heritable variations, natural selection is not needed to keep it true to type, nor effective in changing its characters. While probably no species for any great length of time literally conforms to this definition, many must nearly do so, as shown by the extraordinary persistence of specific types of protozoa, cryptogamic plants, etc., under different conditions and for enormous periods of time. Nevertheless, even these have to walk in the strait and narrow path; for, as Jennings has shown, though many different forms may live happily in the same medium, if any begin to fail in certain respects, the incidence of selection is terrific. Virtually the same thing has been observed by Tower among his beetles.

Natural selection always acts as a *conservator* of some type; if this type is the prevalent one no evolution results; if it is a new or rare variation that is favored, we speak of evolution. This is all that Darwin asserted, essentially, but he did not know how frequent new variations were,

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nor did he appreciate how many of those commonly observed were without selective value. It seems to me that the new discoveries actually strengthen the natural selection hypothesis; for they show us, on the one hand, why many types have remained almost stationary or evolved very slowly; and on the other, how effective variations can remain available in a strain for ages, ready at any moment, under new conditions, to be favored by selection. If *all* variations were heritable, natural selection would defeat its own ends, so to speak, by throwing organisms out of gear through too rapid adjustment to transient conditions. Natural selection itself, in the long run, would eliminate such unstable creatures, just as it eliminates others which are highly adjusted to particular conditions and cannot change to meet new ones. Thus natural selection would preserve in different groups the optimum amount and character of germinal plasticity, and in so doing would hide many of her operations from our too impatient gaze. This question regarding the efficiency of natural selection reminds one of the popular controversy over "heredity" and "environment" in regard to human beings. One hears this person boldly say he "does not believe" in heredity; the other that "environment counts for nothing." It is as though two people looking at a stained window should argue; one that the picture was wholly due to the light from without, the other that it was exclusively the effect of the stained glass. Literally, *every* character is developed in response to environmental conditions, *every* one also, excepting mutilations, is a testimony to the character of the germ plasm. T. D. A. COCKERELL.

University of Colorado, October 29.

"PATINES OF BRIGHT GOLD."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Moorfield Story and Dr. Edward W. Emerson, in their delightful biography of the late Judge Hoar, just published, cite a letter from him addressed to James Russell Lowell, in which occur these words:

What I wish to call your attention to is the derivation of *chores*—or preferably and before modern corruption *chars*—from the Latin *quid facere, i. e.*, things to do. It came into English at about the time of many Spanish words, and by the same route with *punctilio, bravado,* and the like. The Spanish is *que hacer,* and the Spaniard habitually makes a noun of the phrase, and says that he must go and do, or attend to, his *que-haceres,* which he rapidly pronounces very much like *char-es.* My brother Edward (who, like a cat, knows more than he usually tells) says the Spanish Californians constantly and habitually use the phrase, and that it was scarcely distinguishable by the ear from *char-es*—that he recognized the word *chores* as soon as he heard it.

Judge Hoar was evidently a better judge of legal matters than of philology, for a glance at Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary" shows that *char* (*chore,* "a modern Americanism"), is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *cierr, cyrr,* a turn, space of time, period, allied to the German *kehren.* It would, of course, be etymologically impossible for the Spanish words *que haceres,* pronounced *kay athayress,* to change into *chores.* It is an interesting example, however, of popular etymology, and having criticised it, I am going to expose myself to similar criticism by suggesting that the much-discussed word *patines* (in the line from "The Merchant of Venice"—"The floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold") is derived from the Spanish word *pateña,* which means spangle. Many Spanish words were introduced into England, as Judge Hoar suggested, and by Spanish prisoners, about Shakespeare's time, and what more natural than that the word meaning spangles, so appropriately applied to the glittering stars of the first magnitude seen on a bright moonlight night of a Venetian summer, should have been adopted by him from that source? On the other hand, how far-fetched is the derivation from the word *paten,* meaning "the plate on which is placed the consecrated wafer" in the Catholic service. Such patens would be too large and would be of silver and not of "bright gold." They would be too large to represent stars, and they would be too small if, as some think, Shakespeare referred to the fleecy clouds which drift over the sky, mottling it as with silver.

I once suggested this explanation in a Shakespearean monthly, but I have never seen it discussed.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Boston, November 8.

THE RIPENING OF PINEAPPLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on "Governmental Gastronomy" in the *Nation* of September 7 has suggested to me that you might be interested in a recent discovery by Mr. W. P. Kelley, chemist of the United States Experiment Station at Honolulu, which would seem to explain, at least in part, the well-known superiority of the canned Hawaiian pineapple, commented on by you, over the fresh pineapples commonly found in the markets. Mr. Kelley's investigations are briefly summed up in the annual report of the Hawaii Agricultural Experiment Station for 1910 as follows:

A study of the ripening of pineapples has disclosed the fact that the sugar content of the fruit is derived exclusively from the leaves of the plant and does not increase after the fruit has been removed from the plant. If pineapples are picked green and allowed to ripen, the sugar content at complete ripeness is the same as it was when the fruit was removed from the plants. An analysis of the fruit shows that they contain no substance which can be changed into sugar during the ripening process.

Fruits picked too green and allowed to ripen, therefore, lack greatly in sugar content and in flavor. The sugar content of green fruits, or fruits ripened after being picked too green, is about 2 or 3 per cent., while that of fruits ripened on the plants ranges from 9 to 15 per cent. The ripening process in fruits picked green appears to consist largely in a softening of the tissues. A microscopic examination of sections of green pineapples shows that the cell walls in the parenchyma of the fruit are greatly thickened, but become extremely thin in ripening. It is obvious from these facts that, in order to obtain a good flavor in fresh fruit, the fruit should not be picked until the sugar content has become fairly high and the fruits have turned yellow to the extent of about one-fourth their length at the base.

The main point thus brought out is that the pineapple contains no starch or other material that can be converted into sugar during the ripening process, but procures its sweetness by circulation from the leaves or possibly from the starchy plant stalk, and that when once it is picked, it cannot become any sweeter. This is in contrast to the banana, which in its unripe state is composed largely of starch, much of which during the ripening process is converted into sugar; and with the banana, the ripening process seems to proceed almost as satisfactorily after the banana has been cut from the plant as when left to ripen naturally. JAMES D. DOLE.

Honolulu, Hawaii, October 13.

Literature

A BRITISH STATESMAN.

The Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire. By Bernard Holland. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9.

This biography is successful at least in putting the reader in a position to understand why its subject came to be regarded as *the* Duke in England, as no man had been since Wellington's day. His was a strongly marked personality. Perhaps his root quality was that "dogged veracity" which Dr. Johnson noted in one of his Cavendish ancestors. His intellect was more plodding than brilliant, but in his slow though sure-footed way he sought truth and duty and when he had, as he believed, found them, he clung to them with a determination that nothing could shake. Never passionately admired, incapable of awakening intense antagonisms, he was yet a political leader worthy to be named alongside Palmerston for so perfectly embodying "the normal English temperament." People of all classes looked to him, in his later years, at times of crisis, confident that his sturdy common sense would show them the right thing to do. In 1903, when he was hesitating about resigning from the Cabinet as a protest against Mr. Balfour's abandonment of free trade, Winston Churchill wrote the Duke that "two workingmen at different clubs informed me that they would wait to see what you decided"; and Lord Goschen at about the same time told him how some of the greatest in the land were hanging upon "your decision." It was the possession by the Duke of this sort of steadfastness and moral weight which led to his being spoken of by Mr. Balfour as "one of the assets of public life in this country," and by Lord Rosebery as "one of the great reserve forces" of the nation. That Spencer Compton, Lord Hartington, Duke of Devonshire, was entitled to such high regard, the material which Mr. Holland has brought together in these volumes enables us to see.

He was born (in 1833) a creature of hearty out-of-door tastes, whom it might seem like torturing nature to turn into a public official slaving at departmental work, or a political leader forced against the grain to do a great deal of public

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speaking and to be at the beck and call of countless devastators of his day. His early education gave little promise of literary or oratorical distinction; and in this respect the child was true father of the man. At seventeen we find him with a "mortal hate" of English composition. At Cambridge, he "belonged to the Union Society, by his father's desire, but never spoke in the debates." To the end he loathed making speeches, and groaned at the length and dulness of his own. Said Rosebery: "I do not know any man who spoke with so much previous anguish or so much misery at the time." His course at the university was undistinguished. He was not a reading man, nor ever became one. In all his speeches, he is known but once to have quoted a line of poetry. Unlike his father, who was a recluse and devoured books on science and history, he seldom—except on official compulsion—read anything but newspapers and novels, and for recreation preferred cards to reading. It was said: "Gladstone reads every new book that comes out, Hartington not one." He scarcely knew his way about his great inherited library at Chatsworth. To a gushing American lady who exclaimed to him about his wonderful literary treasures, he merely said: "Yes, it's a rummy old place." But this may have been only his air of "passionless indifference."

In 1862, as Lord Hartington, he made a short visit to the United States and to Canada. He met Seward and Lincoln in Washington. Of the President, he wrote to his father: "I never saw such a specimen of a Yankee in my life. I should think he was a very well-meaning sort of a man, but, almost every one says, about as fit for his position now as a fire-shovel." He reported that Lincoln was "very civil and also told us stories." Apparently there was no reference to Hartington's having worn a secession badge at a party in New York—pinned to his coat by a lady, he all unknowing, according to his biographer. We know what Lowell made of the incident: "One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humor was his treatment of this gentleman. Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Hartington. Surely the refinement of good breeding could go no further. Giving the young man his real name would have made his visit almost an insult. Had Henri IV done this it would have been famous." Lord Hartington got to Richmond, having with a party adventurously ridden through the lines without passes. He talked with Davis and his Ministers and "liked them all very well." They "talked in a very moderate and sensible way." Lord Hartington, in fact, was at that time, as he himself wrote, "decidedly very Southern in the main." He even wondered how Englishmen could be "so idiotic as to admire Lincoln," and could not understand "how they can talk such nonsense as they do about emancipation." His own sight of slavery near at hand seemingly made no deep impression upon him. He wrote that "the negroes," on the plantations he visited, "hardly look as well off as I expected to see them, but they are not dirtier or more uncomfortable-looking than Irish laborers." The latter remark came from one who was to be a great Irish landlord and an opponent of Home Rule.

Hartington's going into Parliament and later taking office under Gladstone signified neither ambition nor liking, but rather a sense of public duty. In his family had long been established, as in many another great Whig house, the tradition that large property and high social position constituted an obligation to serve the state. When the Irish Secretaryship was offered him, he at first declined it, and accepted it under pressure from Gladstone most reluctantly. Similarly, the War Office had no attractions for him, though he buckled down to its routine work like a martyr. Little by little, however, his labors in the Administration and in Parliament began to win him respect for his judgment and confidence in his stable character; so that, by the time Gladstone retired in 1874 as Liberal leader, Hartington became the general choice of the party for the succession. But the leadership had fairly to be forced upon him. He doubted his own fitness for the position, and he was positive of his dislike for it. Yet again the feudal doctrine of service compelled this modern man to yield. "How I shall get on, Heaven only knows," he wrote to his father.

What Hartington actually did was to drive the Liberals with a rather loose rein during the first years of their exclusion from power, and then when 1880 rolled round and brought victory, to give way to Gladstone. The Queen sent for Hartington, and many in the party thought that he should try to form a Government, but it was clear to him that the real leader was Gladstone, and he said so to Victoria. Nor does he appear to have cherished the slightest ill-will because of his having been over-slaughed after having borne the heat and burden of the day. He is said to be the only man who three times refused to become Prime Minister of England. But probably he would have said that on no one of the occasions when it was offered him could he discover a sound reason for believing that he could successfully carry on the Government for any length of time. And as there was no overwhelming appeal of duty, he put the matter by without a regret. The honors of public life meant nothing to him; its duties everything. All of the correspondence which is published respecting his surrender of the leadership to Gladstone in 1880 is infinitely to his credit. Through the whole of it we see his large and simple nature, his transparent honesty, and that sort of mental structure which, as it was said of the head of a certain diplomat, "can take in very little of what is not perfectly clear." As a member of the Cabinet, Lord Hartington had sometimes to defend in Parliament measures of which he did not wholly approve, though they were no resigning matter, and on such occasions it was remarked that he made his speeches "so honest" as to allow his opponents to see that he was not heartily for the policy which it was his official duty to advocate. When in 1903 he had a painful doubt that he might have dealt unfairly with Lord George Hamilton, that former colleague wrote to him, "dismiss me from your mind; you have treated me, as you do everybody else, with absolute good faith."

It was this high repute for stanchness and honor, as well as for sagacity and safety, which made Hartington's course in reference to Home Rule in 1886, and in regard to the fiscal question in 1903, of so much consequence. Men looked to him for a steadying policy and for scrupulous conduct. Those two political crises are too near us yet to be treated historically, and we need only remark that the letters referring to them in these volumes give little new light, though they do bring out the massive patience of this political guide in finding which way for himself the path of duty lay. On October 6, 1903, the Duke wrote to Lord James of Hereford, in reference to his final leaving of the Cabinet: "I have made a mess of this business and have come out with severe damage." But the only "mess" was that of an honest, but somewhat floundering man, at first misinformed, but finally seeing the light and pressing toward it at all hazards. There are printed some letters which passed between the Duke and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It is instructive to compare the dart and thrust of the latter with the other's slow but ponderous movement. The Duke told the students at Cambridge: "All through life, I have had to work with men who thought three times as quick as I did, and I have found this a great disadvantage." This kind of sluggish but weighty intellect helps one to understand why Lord Hartington complained that he "could not get on with Gladstone in conversation," and how he was mystified by Mr. Balfour's economic legerdemain. Indeed, the Duke observed late in life that it had been his fate to serve under two Scottish Prime Ministers, and he made it evident that he did not find their type of mind congenial. One could as easily imagine Dr. Johnson getting on well with David Hume.

Mr. Holland's editing is, on the whole, praiseworthy, though not ideal. Several misprints have escaped him, he has let

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in too many letters which only lumber the page, while his comments on world affairs and home politics are needlessly long and too often inept. But he has achieved the main object of giving us a full picture of an extraordinary *caractère uni*. The volumes should not be read for anecdotes though several good stories and sayings are recorded. The Duke once said: "I don't know why it is, but whenever a man is caught cheating at cards, the case is referred to me." This was a recognition of the frequency with which he was called upon to arbitrate in social, as well as political affairs. He was fonder of shooting and fishing than of balls or dinners, and would probably have found a keener joy in winning the Derby than in being Prime Minister. He did not, however, have to give up racing for politics, as Bentinck did, or hear the awful news that a horse he had sold had won the Derby. That shock came to Bentinck, and brought from him, as Disraeli wrote, "a superb groan." The Duke of Devonshire was reasonably fond of society, though he seems to have been a little overpowered by the social gayeties into which he was plunged by his Duchess, whom he married late in life. He once said at a great house-party at Chatsworth: "This is all very well, but I should like to know who my guests are. Do you know the name of that red-faced man over there?" To literature the Duke made no pretensions, and in the theological controversies which raged during his life, he took no interest. It seems almost incredible, but on an occasion when ecclesiastical disputes were invading politics, he said to a private secretary: "Can you explain to me what 'transubstantiation' means that they are talking about?" He was once sent to break the news gently to the Vice-President of the Council that the Cabinet had decided to drop his pet educational bill. The Duke went to Sir John's room, and after standing some time with his back to the fire, said, "Well, Gorst, your d——d bill's dead." Surely, a great character, if not a great man, he was full of what was individual, but also full of what is typical: a bluff, impassive, downright English nobleman of whom it seems perfectly natural to read that he murmured as he lay dying: "Well, the game is over and I am not sorry."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Healer. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Herrick has two "problems" to deal with here, one of them a fresh one, so far as he is concerned. This is the problem of the modern physician—what sort of skill he shall strive for, and how he shall employ it. Mr. Herrick does not take a rosy view of the present estate of the medical profession. Indeed, if we are right in fancying that we hear him speaking through the lips of his own authentic healer, he leaves it but one precarious leg to stand on. Almost all professed healers of the day, from the lowest dispenser of patent remedies to the loftiest fashionable specialist, are at least part quack and hypocrite. Virtually all make a trade of what should be a mission. The young Doctor Holden of the story is born and bred in Northern Canada. The instinct of the healer is born in him, and fortune gives him the chance of an education in America and Germany. He shows the greatest promise, but suddenly throws up the game—so it must look to his colleagues—and returns to his wilderness, to a casual clientèle of half-breeds and lumber-jacks. His local fame spreads, he is known as "The Healer"; but there is something mysterious in the man and his ways. In fact, he has deserted "civilization," given up a distinguished career, because he had become convinced that such a career must be based on rotten foundations.

> "Didn't I see enough of that when I was in the medical school, and in the hospital? The big men using their reputation to bleed their patients who were rich enough to pay, and turning the poor over to boys! . . . And that's what Elport wants me to do here—run what he calls a 'hydropathic establishment'—gull the public with spring water, wheedle the rich out of their money, and coddle a lot of old men and women who ought to die anyway—or get out and work for a living!"

So cries Holden to his bride. Elport is her uncle, and president of a railway which he is pushing into the wilderness. Helen Goodnow is a conventional child of the city, who, straying out into the open, has been captured by the "Wild One." Here appears Mr. Herrick's second and more familiar problem—the problem of "Together." How shall fare the two who are unequally yoked together? It is impossible for Helen to comprehend her Wild One: she can only subdue him. The result is presently a hydropathic establishment and an income of fifty thousand a year; a Helen restored to her world, and a Holden relapsed into slavery to the drug he has conquered for her sake. His final salvation is due to another woman. The episode involved is sure to provoke talk, if not discussion, like a certain memorable episode in "Together," which it rather too closely parallels.

Mr. Herrick's solution of the physician's problem lies in organization and control—an "institutional" system involving the elimination of personal fees, and therefore of personal motive for insincerity. As for the marriage problem, he cannot be said to offer anything beyond a cheerless compromise. We are beyond the squaw era, he admits with a sigh, and must "accord more and ever more rights to these bearers of the sacred seed, however unfitted they may be at present for their liberty and self-direction. Tradition has taught them for generations to work by fraud and wile, and their instinct warns them against the ideal. All prolonged contest with them will end in the deterioration of the man. He must either cut the knot or submit as gracefully as he can to their notion of civilization." The Wild One understands this, and after experimenting with submission, cuts the knot. It is comforting to reflect that even if this Helen of Mr. Herrick's is conceded to be Woman, she is not the woman most of us are enslaved to.

The Song of Renny. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

After the Senhouse interlude, Mr. Hewlett appears to have returned with gusto to his old theme and manner. No doubt he felt his mediævalism cramped in its modern dress. The famous "Senhusian" sweater was after all an inadequate substitute for doublet and coat of mail. And Mr. Hewlett is happiest when he speaks the tongue of nobody now living. Not that he really speaks the tongue of anybody now dead, for that matter. Examine any one of his pages, and you find his style a medley of current and obsolete idioms. But it is not a hopeless medley—the general effect of quaintness for which he strives is gained without sacrificing the ease of the modern reader. In short, the chief distinction of this writer's somewhat over-lauded style is that it does very cleverly what most historical romances do more or less clumsily.

The scene is the southern land of the troubadours, and the hero is one of those decorative persons. The Song of Renny is his masterpiece—an elaborate celebration of the fortunes of a great and ill-fated house. "Rascally" would be a fairer epithet, since for generations the Rennys have ravaged and murdered not only their neighbors, but one another. At the moment when the tale properly begins, the last male Renny has been slain by the Count of Pikpoyntz, a robber baron; and one surviving daughter, a child of twelve, carried off by that enterprising gentleman. He causes her to be gently reared in his own household, meaning to marry her and her great lands when the time comes. But she runs off with a page, and so ends that chapter. Or, rather, it ends a little later, when Pikpoyntz has her murdered, the Renny next in line being also female and marriageable. This lady, whom he abjectly adores, marries him out of ambition; but she loves the young troubadour, and in the end runs away with him, to be happy ever after. Pikpoyntz is duly hanged, at last, for his sins, and for the novelist's convenience. To tell the

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truth, the story is as flimsy and absurd in substance as the usual story of its not uncommon kind. Even the blind villain and the black villain of Treasure Islandism are not lacking. It is only Mr. Hewlett's picturesque style—and perhaps a little his pretty bravado in handling the affair of sex—that carries it off.

The Following of the Star. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here is a slough of sentimentality where none but a web-footed reader may safely venture. Skim lightly if you would avoid the tedium of repeated "good things" and escape being smothered in gush. First, gush pertaining to a pulpit-and-pew romance. Oh, attentive and inspiring "Lady of Mystery" amid a slumbrous and thick-pated congregation! Secondly, gush exuding from the situation of manly-poverty-wooed-by-wealth-and-beauty. Oh, the luxurious motor! Oh, the Parma violets! Oh, the banished chaperon! Thirdly, gush inherent in the plight of the heiress-who-must-marry-within-a-year-or-lose-her-inheritance. Oh, proud Diana (and so felicitously named, too)—"Master of the Hounds; patron of four livings; notorious for her advanced views and fearless independence; a power and a terror in the whole neighborhood," virgin of no illusions and most averse to matrimony! Oh, cruel uncle's will! Fourthly, gush extracted by a too, too fond insistence upon the wording of the marriage service. Oh, forward and strong-minded woman, thinkest thou lightly to forego the meek raptures of obedience? Fie, thus to flout thy natural lord! Must she obey? She must! She will! And, lastly and most abundantly, all the unquenchable gush sacred to the sad case of those fatuous pairs who marry first and love afterward. Oh, deep and secret pangs! Such is the morass to be traversed before these lovers are landed safe in wedded bliss. We have waded, and we know.

The Yellow Letter. By William Johnston. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Johnston has hit upon a novel method of blackmail, and in both the development and the detection of the crime has shown no little ingenuity. The climax, particularly, in which most detective stories fail, is well conceived and executed. Only one false note is sounded, but that is a note which goes far toward destroying the emotional efficiency of the whole book. Mr. Johnston has created a villain of the true type, and his baiting in the lonely country house is a bit of real detective invention. But the interest with which we follow the discovery and thwarting of such criminal machinations as are here described depends mainly on the intensity of our feeling of a maleficent and responsible power in the human brain. Mr. Chesterton relied largely on this feeling to create the proper atmosphere about the adventures of his "Father Brown." Mr. Johnston feels it artistically, but deliberately mars the effect by an irrelevant preachment on the relation of crime to disease, and on the desirability of substituting curative measures for punishment. The result is an ingenious story, which fails to absorb the reader's mind as it should.

Off the Main Road. By Victor L. Whitechurch. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

This "village comedy" plays itself in a parish lying comatose somewhere in the interior of England. The old rector, the new rector with his pretty daughter, the young architect who comes to restore the dilapidated church, the solitary mysterious stranger who twenty years before had taken up his abode in Little Marpleton, supply enough of the outside world to satisfy the reader that the story lies within earshot of present-day civilization; not enough to spoil the quality of rustic benightedness which is the feature of the tale. Beside these villagers Dogberry was a citizen of the world. The writer has had the skill to show in an amusing light their clownishnesses without giving pictures of brutality. Their very original ways are made entertaining, and their language is thick-studded with gems of utterance. They revolve around a little story of loves, requited or not, that adequately keeps the whole together.

METHODS OF LEGAL REFORM.

Social Reform and the Constitution. By Frank J. Goodnow. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The problem of Professor Goodnow in this thoughtful book is concerned with the constitutionality, actual or probable, of various social reforms. Such an inquiry of necessity includes political reforms as well; and while no complete enumeration is attempted, the survey covers most of the projects of social betterment which as yet, in this country, have received any considerable attention. Since, in Professor Goodnow's opinion, the amendment of the Federal Constitution is virtually out of the question, the only guide to a conclusion as to what may be held constitutional in the future is to be found in a study of what has been held constitutional in the past. His method, accordingly, is that of a careful examination of the decisions of the Supreme Court, with a view to discovering what light, if any, they throw on current problems.

It is impossible, within the limits of this review, to do more than summarize the author's main conclusions, since the evidence which sustains them is necessarily elaborate and detailed. In one or two directions in which judicial exposition and delimitation have been abundant, the problem of constitutional forecast is relatively simple. For example, a study of Federal regulation of navigation as interpreted by the Supreme Court, with reference to its bearing on the important subject of uniform commercial regulation, seems to show that there is no longer any distinction to be observed between interstate and intrastate navigation (p. 46); that the Supreme Court has always aimed at "uniform regulation of all commerce, whether by water or by land" (p. 74); and that Congress may even, "through the exercise of its power to prohibit the interstate or foreign transportation of articles made contrary to the provisions of its legislation, exercise an enormous influence in securing uniform regulation of all the conditions of manufacturing in this country" (p. 92). This would mean, of course, a vast extension of Federal power at the expense of the powers hitherto regarded as reserved to the States; but it would also go far toward "making our political system conform to existing economic conditions" (p. 99).

Similarly, a study of decisions regarding Federal control of manufactures points to the conclusion that while the variable intent of the producer, as to the channels through which he will market his product, "is a bar to Federal control and a justification of State control" (p. 128), there are no judicial precedents adverse to the right of the Federal Government to confer upon corporations engaged in interstate commerce the power to manufacture articles for such commerce; and such commerce, if carried on by corporations, may be restricted to Federal corporations or to those which the Federal Government permits to engage in it, and may, of course, be protected from State interference. Radical as such an exercise of power may seem, Professor Goodnow urges that it not only does not imperil private rights, but that it is "absolutely necessary for their protection" (p. 145).

We cannot follow Professor Goodnow in detail in his interesting discussion of the constitutional aspects of labor regulations, the use of private property in urban districts, the control of property "affected with a public interest," taxation, monopoly, and government aid in the form of pensions or the housing of urban workers. Suffice it to say that while the boundary which separates the Federal and State spheres, in such divergent interests, is naturally irregular, the course of judicial decision seems to show in most respects an unmistakable trend toward an enlargement of Federal power, on the one hand, and on

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the other of support by the State courts of social rather than personal considerations. Even in the domain of the private law of the States, every insistence by the Federal courts upon uniformity of interpretation or practice strengthens the movement, "already in full swing" (p. 193), for the centralization and unification of State law.

In an interesting introductory chapter Professor Goodnow points out that the Supreme Court, in its effort to uphold legislation which a progressive society demands, has gone far toward transforming our constitutional law into a system of political science. In other words, the court has become a political body of supreme importance, since "upon its determination depends the ability of the national legislature to exercise powers whose exercise is believed by many to be absolutely necessary to our existence as a democratic republic" (p. 16). Repeatedly, in his discussion of particular issues, he calls attention to the widening departure from earlier conceptions of State rights and delegated powers, and to the resulting contrariety of decision which, though natural in a time of transition, seems at times to reflect personal opinion or prejudice rather than assured juristic conviction. In a notable final chapter he examines more fully the attitude of the courts toward the new political and social problems that press for solution, defends the propriety of public criticism of judicial decisions, and warns the judiciary that they must take heed to the changes in public opinion if they are themselves to retain their essential powers:

> Those who assert that by criticism of the Supreme Court we are attacking the foundations of our political system, forget that we are living under a practically unamendable Constitution, and that unless it is proper to bring popular opinion to bear upon a governmental authority which has the power absolutely to prevent political change, we may easily be tied up so tight in the bonds of constitutional limitation that either development will cease and political death ensue, or those bonds will be broken by a shock that may at the same time threaten the foundations not merely of our political but even of our social system (p. 358).

These are the weighty words of one of our highest professorial authorities on American law. Doubtless Professor Goodnow will be held by many a special pleader, and his arguments will be used by political partisans to uphold policies both extreme and dangerous. Needless to say, his book has no such purpose and invites no such distortion. While much of what he has to say is, in the nature of the case, prophecy rather than law, his conclusions are constructive. It is, indeed, not to our credit that in a period of fundamental social change we should be making headway so largely by drifting; but the drift seems clearly to be in the direction of a constitutional law under which, in spite of the rigidities of a written Constitution, the reforms which enlightened public opinion demands can somehow be accomplished. We commend Professor Goodnow's volume as the most thoughtful and penetrating discussion of constitutional tendencies in this country that has appeared in many a day.

The Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism. By Franz Cumont. With an Introductory Essay by Grant Showerman. Authorized translation. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $2 net.

Franz Cumont, professor in the University of Ghent for nearly twenty years past, has been known to the few as one of the most capable of living investigators in his chosen field, the ancient religions of the Orient. In 1896 and 1899, he published an imposing collection of "Textes et monuments figurés relatifs aux mystères de Mithra," in two volumes, a portion of the first of which, his interpretation of the evidence gathered in the remainder of the work, was presented separately in 1902, as "Les Mystères de Mithra." This was translated and published in this country a year later by the Open Court Publishing Company.

In the autumn of 1905, the author delivered the opening series of lectures on the Michonis foundation before the Collège de France, and a few months later served as Hibbert Lecturer at Oxford. The substance of these two courses appeared in Paris in 1906, under the title, "Les Religions orientales dans le paganisme romain." A second edition, 1909, appeared a year ago in German dress, from the Teubner press, and is now presented to the English reader in the volume before us, timed to coincide with the author's presence in this country on a lecture tour, which includes the Lowell Institute and a number of universities and learned societies.

These lectures are intended for the general reader, and outline in a lucid and entertaining manner the successive penetration into Roman life and thought of one Oriental faith after another, there to influence and be influenced, until a fairly unified syncresis of Pagan belief took form, "more unlike the worship that Augustus had attempted to restore than the Christianity that fought it." The traditional Roman religion had not the inherent vigor to resist this inroad. It was too cold and formal, too destitute of any effective relation to man's higher nature and aspirations. Its loss of any genuine hold on the hearts of men had gone too far to be reversed by the extensive rebuilding of temples and other reform measures undertaken by Augustus. Of course this movement brought back many to the pious practice of the ancient rites, but its real intent was to strengthen the chains of the new political order; and "making religion an auxiliary to moral policing is not a means of establishing its empire over souls," in Cumont's opinion. There was a vague longing for something higher, and in spite of the fact that the Eastern faiths were all more or less sullied by vile and atrocious rites, coarse and immodest fables, they did possess something higher. They attached more importance to the inner life and to the value of the individual. They claimed by mysterious rites to cleanse the soul of its impurities, and gave it the assurance that a pious life would be rewarded by a blessed immortality. The acts of self-denial and suffering which they introduced as a means of soul-cleansing took a deeper hold on the imagination than the expiations of the older Roman custom, which consisted merely in the exact performance of certain ceremonies pleasing to the gods and required by a formal code. And the new faiths, too, proved themselves adaptable enough to slough off, during the period of their conquests in Roman territory, a large share of the earlier grossness which constituted their most serious defect.

That these Oriental religions were finally superseded by Christianity, Cumont attributes in no small degree to their very likeness to it. "The two opposed creeds moved in the same intellectual and moral sphere, and one could actually pass from one to the other without shock or interruption." As we turn the pages of the late Latin writers, we may sometimes feel uncertain whether the author is to be classed as pagan or Christian. A few years ago M. Pichon published in Paris a study in which it was shown that the eloquence of the late panegyrists unconsciously changed from paganism to monotheism in its tone. In the days of Symmachus we do not find in those Roman aristocrats who remained faithful to their inherited religion a mental or moral character radically other than that of the Christians who sat beside them in the Senate. "The religious and mystical spirit of the Orient had slowly overcome the whole social organism and had prepared all nations to unite in the bosom of a universal church."

For the reader who would pursue further the lines of thought taken up in these lectures, the eighty pages of notes by which they are followed will form an invaluable guide. The lectures themselves stand virtually as they were originally written, six years ago, but the bibliographies and references in the notes have been extended to cover the more recent literature of the subject. We welcome the work in its English dress, and expect from it, together with the author's presence in our universities as a lecturer, a distinctly stimulating effect on American classical scholarship.

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Poetry and Prose. By Adolphus Alfred Jack. London: Constable & Co.

Mr. Jack is a thoughtful and interesting representative of a distinct tradition in English criticism. His present critical attitude he attributes mainly to the influence of A. C. Bradley's Oxford lectures on poetry. He has also constantly in mind the method and purpose of Matthew Arnold. The title of the present book, however, harks back to certain famous distinctions of Coleridge—perhaps to the following passage in the "Biographia Literaria": "I have endeavored to discover what the qualities in a poem are, which may be deemed promises and specific symptoms of poetic power, as distinguished from general talent determined to poetic composition by accidental motives, by an act of the will, rather than by the inspiration of a genial and productive nature." To make clear the essential difference between prose and poetry, to distinguish in a particular author, the varying intensity of the "esemplastic" power by constant comparison of passages and an ultimate appeal to the cultivated taste of the reader—such are the aim and the procedure of the work. The chapter divisions are these: Poetry: A Note; Gray (Social or Prose Poetry); Burns (Natural or Spontaneous Poetry); Wordsworth (Basic or Elemental Poetry); Byron (Oratorical Poetry); Emerson—The Poet as Teacher; Arnold—Critical Poetry; Meredith—Intellectual Poetry; Emerson's Doctrine of the Infinite.

Perhaps the characteristic defect of this school of criticism is a too exclusive attention to masterpieces somewhat arbitrarily selected—an indifference to the variety and detail of general literary history. Thus the impeccable Arnold, "taking the roll of our chief poetical names" from Spenser to Keats, includes Campbell and Moore, but omits Donne and Marlowe; and one is inclined to question rather the extent of his reading than the soundness of his judgment. Mr. Jack's treatment of Gray is unsympathetic, and the unsatisfactory character of his essay is not a mere matter of taste. His choice of the profound and curious scholar, the slender poet with his little bundle of ardent odes and elegies, the melancholy, shy, life-long recluse—his choice of Gray as the best representative of social and prose poetry of the eighteenth century seems to indicate but a sluggish and superficial acquaintance with the men and movements of the age. Gray is entirely of the eighteenth century, says Mr. Jack; he sees the world "from the point of view of his century, the sober, intensely English eighteenth century, from the point of view of a writer of prose." The unsoundness of this statement is increased by the emphasis of its delivery. It would apply fairly well to Pope and admirably to Johnson, but Gray it does not fit at all. Gray comes to us, indeed, trailing shreds of pseudo-classical diction; born in 1716, his feet rested on the age of Anne. But Gray developed; he is one of the most unmistakably "transitional" of poets. He had an open, wide-ranging, forward-looking mind; and before he died in 1771, he had anticipated many of the characteristic interests of the nineteenth century. He had sought to bring into English poetry sublimity and passion, and he had turned for quickening power to primitive and barbaric literatures—to mediæval romance, to whatever was available of Welsh, Gaelic, and Scandinavian poetry. Philologist, antiquary, member of the "black-letter kennel," he had all the isolating and unsocial enthusiasms of modern romantic scholarship; and he could spend an entire evening in an eighteenth century drawing-room without uttering a word.

After all that has been written on this subject in recent years, there is no excuse for the indifference to the origins of nineteenth-century poetry betrayed in the essay on Gray. Mr. Jack's only recognition of the eighteenth-century romantic current is a note referring to Arnold's comparison of Gray's feeling for nature with Obermann's, and to Mr. Hudson's enumeration of Spenserian imitations. Equally dilettanteish is his citation of a passage from Morley's "Rousseau" by way of establishing the novelty of Wordsworth's attitude to nature. We do not object to his availing himself of Lord Morley's translations from the "Confessions," but we should like to feel sure that his acquaintance extends beyond these elegant excerpts, and unhappily we do not. Wordsworth, argues Mr. Jack, was the pioneer lover of solitude and grandeur. Rousseau, on the other hand, was only the pioneer "week-ender": "He loves Nature because she is free, quiet, and full of variety; because, at Les Charmettes or The Hermitage, he can escape from the city. . . . . In short, as Lord Morley has pointed out, he is a virtuoso in landscape who likes the confusion, the mixture, a soft smiling foreground with trees leading to a background occupied by hills." Lord Morley is a very able writer, but on this subject Rousseau is a higher authority than Lord Morley. Why not allow Rousseau himself to tell us what he likes in landscape? Why not let this French "week-ender" show himself in a few lines of the "Confessions" (Part I, Book iv) in an ecstasy of dizziness leaning for hours over a parapet near Chambéri, drunk with the foam and bellowing of blue water heard athwart the cry of crows and birds of prey flying from rock to rock hundreds of feet below him?

> Au reste, on sait déjà ce que j'entends par un beau pays. Jamais pays de plaine, quelque beau qu'il fût, ne parut tel à mes yeux. Il me faut des torrents, des rochers, des sapins, des bois noirs, des montagnes, des chemins raboteux à monter et à descendre, des précipices à mes côtés qui me fassent bien peur.

But Mr. Jack's strength does not lie in historical perspective or breadth of sympathy. The virtue of his criticism resides in his intuitions, in his immediate sense of poetical values, in his spiritual tact and discrimination. For him as for Emerson—to whom, by the way, he pays continual tribute—divine ideas are not of an age but for all time; and it is a comparatively insignificant matter whether Chaucer preceded Caxton or Caxton, Chaucer. From point to point through the poetry under consideration he listens for the sound of the "eternal melodies," and summons the reader to participate in the mystical exercise of separating that which was "given" to the poet from that which he has excogitated. It is an exercise which, rightly conducted, directly disciplines the emotions and the judgment, and, perhaps more effectively than any other critical method, resuscitates a flagging interest in poetry. Mr. Jack, like the critics and poets whom he most admires, believes that poetry at its best is truth at its best. This dark saying can probably never be made plain to those whom, in his essay on Meredith, he happily characterizes as "the pedants of perspicuousness." It has commanded the assent, nevertheless, of those who have done most to maintain in poetry the high seriousness of philosophy and religion. It is the central idea throughout this book, and it is illustrated with especial success in the essays on Arnold and Meredith, and in the first essay on Emerson. Amid the spiritual dryness of current historical criticism it is strangely refreshing to come upon interpretation that penetrates to the heart of things like Mr. Jack's comment on Arnold's exquisite lines describing the chastened serenity of Iseult of Brittany in her later life with her children by the northern sea:

> This note of patience is heard in all Arnold's poetry, and it is heard because his poetry is devout. It has more of the cloister in it than is to be found in any other poetry of our time, so much more that there is even some initial difficulty of appreciation; a greater depth of Christian feeling and a fuller understanding of the doctrine of self-surrender than we have capacity properly to realize. If we were to compare it with the finest attitude of a Pagan age or temper, we should see that what we have to deal with here is not the beautiful superiority to life which we find in Marcus Aurelius . . . but submission to life. And so real is this temper that other poets, in their efforts to represent it, seem like boys playing with half-apprehended ideas. Put Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve" beside the passage just quoted, and how frail and external becomes that exquisite picture of the emotion of another. Compared with Arnold, Tennyson, the Broad Churchman, is a man who has heard of Christianity, and Browning, the optimist, with his Abt Vogler melodies, a brave citi-

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zen, with a Sunday mood. . . . But in the inner sanctuary of Arnold we are admitted to a place removed. . . . There is an abnegation of the private will, and this without any parade. "I yielded myself to the perfect whole," says Emerson, but in so saying, he seems merely to be politely waiving resistance to the claims of the universe to absorb the most persistent individuality in literature. It was a voluntary act, and Emerson is the gracious victor in that as in every contest. The tone of Arnold is altogether different. . . . His still music comes from him in response to ideas which shake the forest of men like a reed, to which they owe their life, and which make them distinguishably human. To Arnold, the one thought that through the years comes permanently sweet is that of the life of Jesus, and the one idea that consoles, in permanent opposition to the hurry of the world, the idea of the Everlasting.

Studies in Honor of A. Marshall Elliott. In two volumes. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $7.50.

A few months ago we reviewed a volume of "Studies in Language and Literature" in celebration of the seventieth birthday of a distinguished professor (emeritus) of English in Cornell University. We have now to notice a similar volume intended to celebrate the completion of another scholar's thirty-fifth year of service in Johns Hopkins University, as professor of the Romance languages. Alas! the one in whose honor these volumes were prepared did not live to see their completion or quite to round out his thirty-fifth year of service, and so this *Festschrift* became a monument to the memory of a singularly engaging personality, a ripe scholar, and, above all, a devoted and enthusiastic teacher. There is no need to dwell here upon Professor Elliott's scholarly interests or the great debt which the study of the Romance languages in this country owes to him. The volumes before us testify sufficiently to both, and so profusely that we find it difficult to characterize them or to specify the various streams of influence which they represent.

We may begin, however, with a remark or two of a negative nature. The university to which is due the inception of these studies has always been supposed to represent in this country the methods of German study and scholarship. It is pleasant to find in these volumes that the narrow conception of "philology" usually ascribed to Germany has been broadened by the French interest in literature, both comparative and critical. There are, out of twenty-seven contributions, only three relating to Romance philology in the narrowest sense, and one of these is by a foreign lecturer. The other two are: "Notes on the Etymology of 'Bachelier'," by W. O. Stowell, and "Etymological Notes" (*cadastre, cerdo, cerda*), by D. S. Blondheim. Even the wider and more neglected field of grammar has but two articles: "The French Shifts in Adjective Position and their English Equivalents," by E. C. Armstrong, and "The Italian Historical Infinitive," by O. M. Johnston, and of these the first is not narrowly grammatical. With the above may be classed the three bibliographical articles: "Problems in Mediæval Fable Literature," by G. C. Keidel; "Notes for a Bibliography of American Spanish," by C. C. Marden; and "The 1527 Philopono," by E. H. Wilkins.

The remaining contributions may be divided roughly into texts and comment, French mediæval literature, and literature, historical, critical, and comparative (storiology). Two of the texts deal with mediæval fable literature, Old-French and Italian, and, with the bibliographical article cited above and some to be mentioned later, represent the work done in the Romance Seminary on a prospective edition of the fables of Marie de France. The Spanish translation (incomplete) of the "Decameron" published in volume II, pp. 1-235, is out of all proportion to its value or interest and to the rest of the work.

Among the articles on French mediæval literature are: "The Roman du Châtelain de Couci and Fauchet's Chronique," by the late Professor Matzke, and "La Légende des 'Enfances' de Charlemagne et l'Histoire de Charles Martel," by Professor Bédier of Paris, another of the foreign lecturers. There are two papers on the French classical drama, one by Professor Lancaster, "A Classic French Tragedy based on an anecdote told of Charles the Bold," in which the writer shows that the use of modern subjects in the French classical tragedy was not so rare as is usually stated; in the other, "French Classical Drama and the Comédie Larmoyante," Professor Warren endeavors to show that the latter is derived from the former, rather than from the French moralists of the late seventeenth century, or the English stage of that period. The two literary articles of a critical nature are: "The Place of Châteaubriand as a Critic of Italian Literature," by B. L. Bowen, and "The Poetry of Sully-Prudhomme," by E. P. Dargan.

Finally, the class of articles relating to comparative literature or storiology is represented by contributions to the sources of two well-known fables, an Irish analogue to the Castle of the Grail, and an article by the third foreign lecturer, Professor Menendez Pidal, on some relations between Moorish and Christian legends.

The above superficial review of the contents of these volumes will at least give some idea of their varied interest and wide range of scholarship. Happy the teacher who has perpetuated his influence by inspiring so large a band of youth with devotion to his own intellectual pursuits!

Notes

"Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits, and Plants, in All Ages and All Climes" (Lippincott) have been gathered in a forthcoming book by Charles M. Skinner.

"Saints and Heroes," in which Dean Hodges has taken examples from the time of Cyprian to the close of the Middle Ages, is announced by Holt for publication this week.

The series of eight lectures which Sir Frederick Pollock delivered recently at Columbia University, on "The Genius of the Common Law," will be brought out late in December by the Columbia University Press.

Little, Brown & Co., the publishers of Francis Parkman's works, announce a pocket edition of the twelve volumes bound in limp morocco and illustrated with photogravure frontispieces and maps.

The life of Thackeray's grandfather is sketched by F. B. Bradley-Birt in a book promised by Smith & Elder—"'Sylhet' Thackeray."

The extension department of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., is offering two prizes, the first of $500, the second of $250, for the best epic poem on the civil war; one of the conditions is that the poem shall show no sectional bias.

Funds are raising for the founding of a Jewish University at Jerusalem, a project of which Israel Abrahams of Cambridge, Eng., the well-known author, is one of the principal promoters. There is also to be a liberal endowment of scholarships to be held by students of existing universities, who are to pursue literary or archæological research during a portion of each year at Jerusalem. They are to be elected by an international board of Jewish professors and university teachers.

We have received two more volumes in the edition of Scott's novels which the Oxford University Press (Frowde) is publishing in neat cloth binding with gilt letters: "Redgauntlet" and "The Pirate," the first having thirty-six illustrations, the second forty-five.

Included in "Universities of the World" (Macmillan), by Charles Franklin Thwing, president of Western Reserve University, are sketches of twenty institutions: the universities of Oxford, London, Paris, Leiden, Upsala, Madrid, Geneva, Rome, Athens, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, St. Petersburg, Bucharest, Cairo, Calcutta, Melbourne, Peking, Tokio, and Robert College on the Bosphorus. Dr. Thwing has visited each of the universities, with the single exception of Melbourne; some of the sketches are reprinted from various magazines.

We recommend R. M. Alden's "English Prose of the Eighteenth Century" (Houghton Mifflin) as an unusually judicious and valuable anthology. One reader, if he had his way, would have differed somewhat from Professor Alden in the matter of choice. Even at the expense, if necessary, of some of the selections from the novelists and critics, he would have included a sermon (from Blair's first volume, perhaps, which Dr. Johnson lauded as "more golden than gold") and extracts from Butler and Wollaston.

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This to give more backbone to the anthology. To show the lady of that age at her best, he would have added a few letters, say from the gracious and ever lovable Lady Hervey (Molly Lepel). Other readers would have other selections, no doubt; but all will agree that the volume as it stands is wisely, if not completely, representative and furnishes a considerable body of sprightly and noble reading. We like the way in which Dr. Johnson is made the central figure of the book. And as we have turned from author to author we have been peculiarly impressed by the lasting attractiveness of the prose of that century. It may well be that after the shoutings and tramplings of a noisier age have died away we shall go back to those authors with a deepened sense of their wise philosophy and decent charm. Professor Alden's volume gives one much to think about. There is room for an anthology of similar bulk and character to present the poetical work of the eighteenth century; Professor Alden has proved himself the needed editor.

Arnold Bennett republishes, through George H. Doran Company, a little autobiographical book which he first brought out in 1900, when he was successful but far from famous. The book is entitled "The Truth about an Author," and bears all the evidence of being indeed a truthful story of the author's push and good luck in rising to the top as journalist, editor, and miscellaneous hack. Of the good taste displayed in the narrative there may be question. Two things the self-portrayal clearly shows—besides a genius for *réclame*—the enormous and cultivated cleverness of the author, and that lack of deep feeling in literature which deprives his own writing, notwithstanding its knowledge of human nature and its craftsmanship, of the classical qualities of endurance.

In "Business: The Heart of the Nation" (Lane), Charles Edward Russell leaves us the impression that there is none that doeth good, no, not one! If we are not all conscious rascals, we are unconscious; if we are not all actual corruptionists, we are potential. To be sure, he is writing scientifically about those who conduct the business of this land, and of course there is always the implication that a great gulf yawns between the Interests and the People (the capitals are his); yet somehow we get the impression that it is only by a special act of grace that any of us remain honest. He tells us, for example, that it is impossible to conduct a bank of discount within the law:

> The character of the men that conduct banks has nothing to do with the matter. All bankers, of all shades of character, stand here in the same category. Let a man be as pure as the Chevalier Bayard and as disinterested as Washington, and if he conduct a bank he, too, will conduct it upon these lines.

We have here a chapter of horrors—indeed, ten chapters. We are told how the Interests, who appear to include all who are commercially successful, have bought national and municipal government, the courts, the press, the pulpit, have put up the cost of living, created the slums, and taken from the young man in America almost every prospect except that of spending his life as somebody's hired man. But something will be settled in an election not far off, we are told. "Before the next national campaign, the Power will have become too great, the Wealth too menacing, the results too apparent, the failure of the pills and plasters too evident. Then out of the assailed moral sense of the country there will come a movement that will be political, ethical, and economic." Meanwhile, it could be wished that Mr. Russell had been governed a little more by the scientific sense in compiling this book. He might not have been so readable, but he would certainly have been more convincing.

The double section of the "Oxford English Dictionary" *Team-Tezkere* (Frowde) remarkably illustrates the expansion of the language within the last hundred years. Under *Te-* the Anglo-Saxon lexicons list 100 words; Johnson records but 247; Murray, 3,304. The modern increment here is due in large measure to scientific discovery and invention. Since the end of the eighteenth century electrical progress, for example, has called for nearly 130 words in *tele-*. The young person who wishes to tread with impunity among the sesquipedalian newcomers—*telemeteorography, telephotography, testaceology, tetrapodology, tetrakisdodecahedron,* and other geometrical monsters—had better give his days and nights to the study of Greek. Among the more popular late arrivals may be mentioned *terrorism, terrorist,* and *terrorize,* which came in shortly after the French Revolution and have been useful ever since. In the same era of reform, in the early years of the nineteenth century, *temperance,* which for five hundred years had meant moderation in all things, began to mean abstinence from drink. According to the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the first temperance society was organized at Saratoga, N. Y., in 1808, and by 1833 there were 6,000 local societies in the several States. This statement seems to justify Abraham Lincoln's declaration (in his address of 1842 before the Springfield Washingtonian Temperance Society) that America was "the birthplace and the cradle" of the "temperance revolution." It is surprising therefore that the first adjectival use of the word in this sense recorded in the "Oxford Dictionary" is from an English report of 1836. Opening the New York *Observer* of July 6, 1833, we find a column report of the "*temperance* meeting in London," beginning as follows: "Yesterday [May 21, 1833] was the anniversary of the British and Foreign *Temperance* Society at Exeter Hall." This article refers also to the "*temperance* cause" and the "*temperance* movement"; to the reluctance with which Londoners banish the "black decanters" from the dinner-table; and to the great headway made by the "*Temperance* Reformation" in America. These facts are of interest in connection with the rival claims of England and America for the primacy in the use of *teetotal*—"pertaining to total abstinence." The Oxford authorities decidedly favor the claim of Dicky Turner, a workingman of Preston, who is said to have coined the word "about September, 1833"—a deed commemorated on his tombstone. The American claim, set forth in the "Century Dictionary" without contemporary evidence, is that "the word arose in Lansing, N. Y., in January, 1827, from the use on pledge cards of T. to indicate 'total,' and the consequent collocation 'T.—total.'" Against this claim it is urged, on evidence in the Life of Joseph Livesey, "that the total-abstinence movement in the United States, and with it the use of *teetotal,* followed and was greatly influenced by the Preston movement." If such was indeed the case, *teetotalism* must have made giant strides in New England in the three years following 1833; for in a curious tract on "The Influence of Tobacco," printed in Boston in 1836, we find Dr. Mussey of Dartmouth College inquiring, "How can a *temperance* man use tobacco?"—such was the inexorable logic of moral idealism in the northern wilds of New Hampshire!

Concerning three other interesting new words fortunately there is no dispute as to birthplace: *tenderloin* belongs to New York, *tenderfoot* to the Western frontier, and the *teddy-bear* to Mr. Roosevelt. While the origin and history of *tenderloin* in the slang sense lie in the memory of man, some further elucidation of that curious term might well be forthcoming from old residents in the district. The earliest appearance here recorded is in the "Standard Dictionary," 1895. The note, evidently supplied by a New Yorker, runs thus: "Understood to have reference to the large amount of 'graft' said to be got by the police for protecting illegitimate houses in this district, which rendered it the 'juicy part' of the service." Possibly the following passage from O. Henry's "Innocents of Broadway" sheds some light on the problem: "All you have to do anywhere between the North and East Rivers is to stand in the street with an open bag marked 'Drop packages of money here. No checks or loose bills taken.' You have a cop handy to club pikers who try to chip in post-office orders and Canadian money; and that's all there is to New York for a hunter who loves his profession." A native of New York, however, informs the present writer that the word is rapidly going out of use—the old order changeth. One other American contribution of recent years almost as interesting as *teddy-bear* seems to have escaped the Oxford editors: the philosophical term *tender-minded,* apparently coined by William James and described by him in "Pragmatism," 1907, as the temperamental inclination to be rationalistic, intellectualistic, idealistic, optimistic, religious, free-willist, monistic, and dogmatical.

It is interesting to note that two thus far unexploited fields in palæographic science bid fair to owe their first adequate exploration to American scholars. Professor Burnam's "Palæographia Iberica," the publication of which is just beginning, has already been mentioned in these columns. Dr. E. A. Loew of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome has recently issued the first fruits of his long and patient investigations in "Studia Palæographica: A contribution to the history of early Latin minuscule and to the dating of Visigothic MSS." (Munich: König. Bayer. Akademie d. Wissenschaften). He has also in press his monumental "Scriptura Beneventana" (a collection of facsimiles, with accompanying text; Rome: D. Anderson), together with a companion treatise, "The Beneventan Script: A Manual of the South Italian Minuscule," and a wonderfully excellent and cheap series of fifty facsimile plates of early Latin minuscule from the seventh to the ninth century, under the title "Scriptura Latina Minuscula Antiquior" (20 francs; ibid.).

The sketches in "Summer Days at Val-

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lombrosa" (A. S. Barnes Co.), by Virginia W. Johnson, suggests wide reading and a curious culture. Many are of the rather obsolete order of the "prose pastel" and seem too slight for publication. The author has caught much that is characteristic of this paradise in the Apennines, but your reviewer finds the restless vivacity and deliberate fancifulness of the style difficult at the outset and rasping in the sequel. Surely there should be some serenity in the treatment of the serenest beauty Italy affords.

"Early Spanish Voyages to the Strait of Magellan," Series II, Vol. XXVIII (Hakluyt Society), translated and edited by Sir Clements Markham, contains an interesting narrative of the Loaysa expedition, written by Andres de Urdaneta; detailed sailing directions by the pilot Uriarte; and accounts of the disastrous voyage undertaken by Sayavedra to ascertain the fate of Loaysa's people, and of the voyage of the little pinnace Santiago to the coast of Mexico. With the instructions issued to the Comendador Loaysa, these documents complete the story of the second voyage through the passage discovered by Magellan. Another chapter describes the fate of Alcazaba and his company, and there is a brief record of the expedition of Alonso de Camargo, in 1540, which apparently resulted in the discovery of Staten Island and the Strait of Le Maire by one of his captains. Only fragments of the vessel's log have been preserved. The last narrative concerns the brothers Nodal, distinguished naval officers, and the first to circumnavigate Tierra del Fuego. It was a remarkable expedition, inasmuch as the brothers never parted company, even in the worst weather, and their caravels never lost sight of each other. Moreover, the expedition did not lose a man, either through illness or through accident. The book contains three maps and several illustrations.

"Timothy Flint, Pioneer, Missionary, Author, Editor, 1780-1840," by J. E. Kirkpatrick, is published by the Arthur H. Clark Co. Dr. Kirkpatrick has been at great pains in collecting material, but we cannot think that the subject deserves a book of above 300 pages. Timothy Flint was an estimable man, and of some local importance in his day, the writer of many books, some of which, such as the novel "Francis Berrian," were once popular, and some, such as his "Recollections of the Last Ten Years," published in 1826, are still valuable as historical sources. But the author has fallen into the common error of measuring the importance of his subject by his own interest in it; and he has labored to relate the life of Flint as something worthy to be remembered for its own sake. But even the most complacent reader must protest when he is invited to see in Flint's tribute to Massachusetts "the same sustained eloquence" that is to be found in Webster's famous eulogy in his Reply to Hayne. The passage quoted is pure fustian, and, in fact, none of Flint's work rises much above mediocrity. The world has forgotten both the man and his writings, and it has done well. A careful edition of the Recollections, or a collection of the letters of Flint, would have been useful for the historian of the Middle West. Besides, the man himself would have been revealed much more clearly in his writings than he is in the present biography, which, indeed, is at best little more than a paraphrase of those writings.

Among the works of permanent value called forth by Italy's semi-centennial of national existence is "Mezzo Secolo di Vita Italiana, 1861-1911" (Milan: Antonio Vallardi), a folio volume of above 200 pages, containing 26 articles on all phases of development. Each department is described by a specialist. Thus Dr. A. Comandini gives the best résumé of political history to be found anywhere in the same space; ex-Minister Rava writes on legislation, Professor Tajani on railway expansion, and Professor De Johannis on that scabrous topic, finance. Science, art, literature, are treated in a dozen articles. Don Romolo Murri, the Modernist deputy, outlines in a clear, fair-minded essay the relations of Church and State. In general, the papers, although "popular," are accurate, and contain a great deal of reliable information. Those which deal with the theatre, the opera, and journalism have many entertaining personal details. The survey as a whole leaves on one the impression of an alert people, feeling the exhilaration of renascence, but hampered on one side by the clogging habits of its past, and on the other by material and financial needs that cannot be supplied in a generation. Nevertheless, the gains already achieved are amazing. This book has nearly 400 illustrations, including portraits of almost all the celebrities and demi-celebrities, besides maps, views, and statistical diagrams. It is published at only five lire.

John Meigs, who, as its principal, made the Hill School at Pottstown, Pa., one of the best known preparatory schools in this country, died last week, aged fifty-nine; he was a graduate of Lafayette College in the class of 1870.

Martin Ignatius Joseph Griffin, secretary of the American Catholic Historical Society, died in Philadelphia on Friday of last week, aged sixty-nine. Numbered among his works are: "History of Commodore John Barry," "General Stephen Moylan," "Bishop Egan," "Thomas Lloyd," "Thomas Fitz-Simons," and "Catholics and the American Revolution," in two volumes.

William Clark Russell, the popular writer of sea stories, died last week in London, at the age of sixty-seven. Though born in America, he was the son of English parents. His father was Henry Russell, the well-known composer of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Cheer, Boys Cheer," and other popular melodies. His mother was a connection of the Wordsworths, and was associated in her childhood with Coleridge, the Lambs, and Southey. As a lad Clark Russell showed a restless and adventurous disposition. When at school in Boulogne he conspired with one of Charles Dickens's sons to run away and make a fortune by shooting eider ducks in Norway; the scheme was frustrated. At thirteen he entered Dunbar's service as a midshipman, and on many long voyages acquired a first-hand knowledge of the sea, of which he later made literary use. After attempting a blank-verse tragedy in five acts, called "Fra Angelo"—which, by the way, was the last play produced by Walter Montgomery—he wrote a three-volume novel, which was not successful. Meanwhile he contributed to the London *Review* and other papers, and for some time was associated with Joseph Cowen, M.P., on the Newcastle *Chronicle*. This accounts for his knowledge of Newcastle and the neighborhood, which are picturesquely caught in the "Sea Queen" and other books. One secret of Mr. Russell's success was his sincerity in trying to expose sailors' secret grievances, and to enlist public sympathy on their behalf. The names of Mr. Russell's other stories would make a long list. We may mention: "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "John Holdsworth," "The Frozen Pirate," "The Convict Ship," "Rose Island," "The Tale of the Ten," "The Two Captains," "Overdue," and biographies of Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, and other naval worthies.

From Berlin comes the report of the death of the Orientalist and Celtic scholar, Dr. Ludwig Stern, at the age of sixty-five. He was connected with the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities in Berlin, and later was made keeper of the department of manuscripts in the Royal Library. With Prof. Kuno Meyer he founded in 1895 the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*. Among his works are a grammar of Coptic, studies in "Ossian," and contributions on Celtic literature in "Die Kultur der Gegenwart."

In the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* a writer makes a plea for a more general study of biography, and especially of autobiographies, and takes for illustration the accounts of their lives by Cellini, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Gibbon, Goethe, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer. His point that to the discerning the philosophy of human conduct is nowhere better revealed, is so well taken that we regret to see a bit of rough-and-ready reasoning in one large section of the article. Finding that "not one of these writers stood in absolutely normal relations with their women," he concludes that a man of intellectual attainments had best choose for a life partner a woman in whom impulse is stronger than reason and whose mind is not above the elementary. Another article sets forth, in an account of Fogazzaro's relation to modernism, the impenetrable logic, its premises being admitted, of which the Roman church stands possessed to disarm and humble Catholics with advanced ideas. There is also a comprehensive review of the circumstances which have created the great political crisis in which the Republican party, and particularly President Taft, now find themselves. The writer adopts the view that the President made a colossal blunder in using the coming report of the Tariff Board as a buffer against popular discontent with the wool schedule.

The recent strikes in Great Britain have been studied by a writer in the *Quarterly Review* in the light of the several discussions of socialism and industrial problems which have appeared in the past three years. "Social history shows that under this system [the existing organization of society], itself the outcome of natural forces, the conditions of labor have steadily and continuously improved; and it is reasonable to believe that, given social stability, the same process will continue, and the economical problem of a fair distribution of wealth will in time be solved." If

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labor would submit to "collective bargaining," the danger of a great upheaval would be comparatively small; but the impatience of the rank and file over the terms extracted by their leaders from capital furnishes a huge menace to the social order. The most imperative duty for the public to-day, the writer believes, is to work for gradual evolution by insisting upon good faith in the dealings of both parties.

In this number of the *Quarterly Review* is a sketch, by Salomon Reinach, the eminent French scholar, of the growth of mythological study from before Christ to the present day. The two fundamental fallacies with one or the other of which students of mythology are forever suffering entanglement are illustrated by Professor Reinach in connection with the myth of Danaé and the shower of gold. Using the allegorical system, one might say that by the golden rain of Jupiter is typified the sun's rays, with all their fertilizing power; or that the unconquerable might of gold is intended. But, as the writer points out, "drawing a lesson from a myth and explaining a myth are two quite different things." The other method is the historical, or euhemeristic; it would discover in the story an outgrowth of a real adventure, in which "a hero of old had entered the dwelling of Princess Danaé by dint of munificence." To do this, says Mr. Reinach, is to suppress the myth, and not to create history in its stead. His own explanation rests upon a certain amount of historical fact, and yet leaves the story still in the realm of the mythical:

> In many parts of the Balkan Peninsula, and also in Germany, where peasants are afflicted by a long period of drought, they take a girl, strip her naked, and pour water upon her head. It is a ceremony of sympathetic magic, wherewith they hope to obtain good rain by giving a forcible example to the reluctant sky.

The fact that Danaé, in Greek, means dry helps to prove the ancient existence of this custom. But, as it stands, the story has evidently fused with one or another of the many myths, which have long existed, of supernatural births. In short, myths, whatever their historical foundation, are begotten of myths.

Science

Pure Foods. By John C. Olsen. Boston: Ginn & Co. 80 cents.

Paper-Bag Cookery: By Nicholas Soyer. New York: Sturgis & Walton. 60 cents net.

The national outburst of indignation at the recent cabal in Washington against Dr. Wiley showed how thoroughly the American people have become aroused on the question of pure food. Dr. Wiley's own book, "Foods and Their Adulterations," is the most comprehensive treatise on the subject, but there is room for others, and Dr. Olsen's must be welcomed as giving within 210 pages a great deal of accurate information of vital importance. He is professor of analytical chemistry at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and editor of the *Chemical Annual.* As such, he is naturally interested in the analytical side of the food question, and every chapter is followed by directions for experiments to determine the composition of different articles of food. These directions are, however, not intended for chemists so much as for teachers and students of domestic science and also for housewives. In many cases the ordinary kitchen utensils are the only apparatus required, together with a few simple chemicals that can be purchased at the nearest apothecary's. Suspected meats, bread, candies, milk, butter, oils, etc., may thus be readily tested for traces of borax, alum, copper sulphate, aniline dyes, and other injurious chemicals.

As regards benzoate of soda, Dr. Olsen refers to the decision of the Referee Board of the United States Department of Agriculture, that four grains of it a day may be consumed without harm. The Prussian Government's experts have, however, recently sided with Dr. Wiley in this matter, and Dr. Olsen also adds that, even though the chemical substance itself may be entirely harmless, "foods prepared with it may be unwholesome and inferior to foods prepared without it, so that it might be desirable to prohibit its use." The principal indictment against chemical preservatives is that while they prevent the growth of bacteria which produce the foul odors and taste, they allow other bacteria to grow at a rapid rate, the consequence being that the preserved food can contain about four times as many bacteria as the unpreserved before seeming to be spoiled. It has been shown, too—particularly in the cases of milk and public water supplies—that even in the absence of any specific disease germs, the consumption of foods containing a large number of bacteria increases the death rate.

Dr. Olsen aims not only to make every housewife her own detective, but to provide hints for those who prepare and sell foods, to whom he preaches the good old doctrine that in the long run honesty is the best and most profitable policy. There is also much miscellaneous information, accompanied by pictures, about things good to eat and drink, which will interest the general reader. That bananas have the greatest food value among fruits is a thing well to know, for example; and girls will feel proud to learn that their liking for chocolate creams—the most largely sold of all candies in this country—has a physiological reason, inasmuch as these contain all the elements of a complete diet. The author regrets that in New York and other cities it is illegal to sell skim milk, because skim milk is an excellent food which can be sold at a fairly low price. It is forbidden because the public may be deceived. How easy it is to deceive the public is illustrated by the fact that large quantities of artificial jellies (usually harmless) are sold as currant, raspberry, strawberry jellies, etc., the only difference between them being in the labels!

On the whole, the author admits, no generation has been so well fed as the people of to-day. At the same time it is becoming more difficult every year to find good cooks; wherefore every one who devises a way of making kitchen work less laborious and therefore more attractive must be hailed as a public benefactor. Such a benefactor is Nicolas Soyer, whose system of Paper-Bag Cookery has conquered the world with surprising rapidity. While most families are in culinary matters as conservative as in their religious beliefs, this innovation offers such surprising advantages with such insignificant expense to begin with that thousands have promptly adopted it. Cooking food in paper is by no means a new thing; the classical French cuisine has long had its *en papillote*, but little use was made of it, probably because the food so cooked tasted of paper. Mr. Soyer relates in his little book how this defect frustrated for years his attempts to use paper-bag cookery on a large scale; but finally he found a paper which did not taint the flavor of the dishes, but even improved the flavor by preventing the escape of any gases, and thus also did away with kitchen odors. Further advantages claimed for it are that it prevents shrinkage of food, does away with the necessity of basting roasts, retains all the nutritive qualities, eliminates greasy pans and pots from the task of dish-washing, saves fuel, and prevents contamination of the food. These claims can be substantiated. We have tried various dishes cooked in the paper bags and found them juicy and of excellent flavor. Mr. Soyer's invention is a supplement to, rather than a substitute for, the fireless cookery.

A committee chosen from the teachers of biology in the high schools of Chicago has prepared a "Guide to the Study of Animals"; the book will be issued by D. C. Heath & Co.

"The King's Evil," by Dr. Raymond Crawfurd (Clarendon Press), is an amplification of the author's recent lectures on the subject at the Royal College of Physicians—lectures in which the endeavor was to produce "a living part of the general history of England" rather than a medical treatise. Beginning with a discussion of the origin of the custom, in which contemporary writers are quoted at ample length, Dr. Crawfurd proceeds through an account of its growth, popularity, and lapses from popularity, to its last manifestations (in France) in the early nineteenth century. Although the purely medical discussion occupies but a few pages, the old accounts of cures are subjected to strict and skeptical analysis. All of the extant Offices of Healing of the English sovereigns are printed in full. Dr. Crawfurd writes in an easy style, and shows an appreciation of the quaint and humorous

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incidents connected with the long history of the custom. The book is illustrated with plates of many of the touch pieces (coins given to the sufferers, for talismans) and with reproductions of contemporary prints of the healing ceremonies. The one hundred and fifty-odd pages of text lack chapter division and index; it is unfortunate the results of so thorough research as this were not presented in such a manner as to have made it readily available for reference. A copious but unclassified bibliography, and an appendix containing a number of royal proclamations concerning audiences for touching complete the book.

Capt. E. Caslant's "Passé et avenir de la navigation aérienne" (Paris, Chapelot), is a treatise on the art, not too elaborate for the general reader if acquainted with mechanics. The author proceeds in an orderly fashion. He first treats of ballooning proper, past and present, and concludes in respect of the future that the spherical balloon will never go out of fashion, because it is cheap, safe, and, in a sporting point of view, enjoyable. Naturally, however, modern attention fixes itself upon aviation proper, and this part of the subject accordingly receives great extension. It is astonishing to read that the multiplane may not unreasonably be expected to serve in the transport of merchandise, a weight of fifteen tons being mentioned as a possibility without unduly exaggerating the machine. But to carry passengers on long journeys, under trustworthy conditions of safety, the helicoplane is marked as the machine of the future. It is interesting to note that the experiments of the Wright brothers, now in hand, are probably looking to the development of this sort of machine. If they succeed, aviation may be less a French art than it unquestionably is at the present day.

Edouard-François André, whose death is reported at the age of seventy-one, was for several years editor-in-chief of *La Revue Horticole*. Besides designing several notable parks, he wrote: "Le Mouvement horticole," three volumes, "Traité des plantes à feuillage ornemental," "Les Fougères," and "Traité général des parcs et jardins."

Prof. Bernhard Fränkel, the throat specialist, died in Berlin on Monday, in his seventy-fifth year. For many years he had been prominent in the crusade against tuberculosis. He was for a long period professor of diseases of the throat and nose in the University of Berlin. He wrote much on his subject.

Drama

The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

This is a book notable for the labor bestowed upon the making of it, for the mass and general accuracy of its details, and for its convenience as a volume of ready reference. As an explanatory catalogue of all the native writers who have contributed plays to the stage in America since the middle of the eighteenth century to the present time, it has a positive value. The conscientious stage student, of course, will prefer to consult the original sources from which much of the matter has been obtained, rather than content himself with summaries, fortified by extracted opinions of all kinds, though Mr. Moses, already well-known as a frequent writter on theatrical subjects, displays a wide acquaintance with accepted authorities. His facts are much more trustworthy than his theatrical philosophy is sound, or deep. The book lacks chiefly breadth of judgment and catholicity of taste, it is wanting in the sense of proportion—being especially reckless in its estimates and comparisons—and, in its very glibness, betrays frequent signs of undue haste, especially in the inconsequence of many of its arguments. It is weak also on the side of prolonged personal experience, which is indispensable in any attempt to compare the acting of the past with that of the present.

Having conceded the skill and the industry of Mr. Moses as a compiler of recorded facts, it is only necessary here to refer to his individual theories and opinions. These, as a rule, are conceived from the point of view of the modern realist. He believes the day of the poetic and romantic drama to be over, arguing that the public has outgrown it and that the genius of poets is not dramatic. He cites especially the cases of Browning and Tennyson, whereas what they lacked was not the dramatic, but the theatrical sense. Moreover, Irving made a great financial success of "Becket." It is true that "Ulysses" and "Sapho and Phaon" were distressing failures here in spite of their poetic merit, but this was largely if not wholly due to their abominably incapable performance. Only Shakespeare can survive treatment of that kind. Mr. Moses says that every poet who has written a play intended it for the stage—which is surely a pretty rash statement. In discussing this question he seems to put Edwin Forrest in the same category with Macready and Irving, which no competent critic ever did before.

As to Henry Arthur Jones's dictum —which he quotes approvingly—that a play which is truly alive must be literature, that is only true, if it is true at all, in the narrowest literal sense. Elsewhere Mr. Moses declares that real drama must comply with the practical demands of the playhouse. But who is to decide what those "practical demands" are? Shakespeare, or Sir Herbert Tree? Speaking of the pernicious influences of European traditions, he complains that American playwrights are still trying to explain American conditions by a technique which is not native. The question immediately suggests itself whether such a thing as a native technique is conceivable. All dramatic technique is founded upon the same elemental laws. The climax must always come before the catastrophe. In his admiration of stark realism, Mr. Moses, like so many other young writers, is apt to mistake the merely bald and obvious for great and universal truth. Thus he vastly overrates the indisputable talent of the late James C. Herne. No exact reproduction of the particular can be the reflection of life as a whole. The broad, not the narrow, vision marks the great dramatist. Therein lies the weakness of Ibsen.

There is an interesting chapter on the stage methods of Mr. Belasco, one of the most gifted of modern producers. As a manager he has rarely had a failure. But his triumphs have always been due to the merit of the stagecraft rather than of the play. Actually, by the subordination of the dramatic to the pictorial, he, like Sir Herbert Tree, is setting up false standards in dramatic art. Nothing that he has yet written has permanent value. Yet Mr. Moses ranks him high as a dramatist. And he puts Clyde Fitch in the same class as Pinero. Fitch was extraordinarily clever and facile, an expert photographer and carpenter, but not an inventor, while his work exhibited neither high purpose and definite plan nor conviction. In a chapter on the poetic drama he rehearses all the familiar arguments of the modern realists and impressionists, without perceiving, apparently, that these, instead of being in favor of growth and progress as they profess to be, really propose to keep the theatre within narrow bounds and shut it off altogether from the wider fields of beauty, thought, and imagination. Realism has its place in the theatre, of course, as romance has. Nobody ever pretended that the theatre ought to be devoted wholly to the poetic and ideal. Its scope should be that of universal art. But the imaginative theatre demands special training and capacity, while the realistic stage does not. Mr. Moses says that Americans do not care for tragedy. Where is the proof? They used to care in the days of Booth. They flock now to Marlowe and Sothern.

In a long article upon the Theatrical Trusts he states the facts clearly enough, but apparently does not realize the enormous, perhaps irreparable, harm they have done by killing all wholesome competition and the art of acting. Only those old enough to have lived under another theatrical system can appreciate this fact fully. Mr. Moses appears to think the so-called "stock companies" of to-day useful. On this, as on many other points, it is difficult to agree with him, but his book is so full of biographical and other facts that it will find a place in most theatrical libraries as a ready aid to memory.

Sardou's clever comedy, "Les Pattes de Mouches," is about to be published by D. C. Heath & Co., with notes and vocabulary by W. O. Farnsworth.

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For their second performance in the Lyric Theatre the Drama Players of Chicago, under the direction of Donald Robertson, selected "Les Femmes savantes" of Molière, using the English version of Prof. Curtis Hidden Page, entitled somewhat ambiguously "The Learned Ladies." In this, as might have been expected, they won much more popular approval than rewarded their really excellent interpretation of Ibsen's lugubrious and insignificant "Lady from the Sea," simply because of the vital humor and still pregnant satire of the French comedy; but their own executive part of the work left much to be desired. Beyond question the company contains good raw histrionic material, but it needs much intelligent training before it can hope to reach that condition of general proficiency to which it aspires—which, indeed, it virtually now assumes to possess. The scheme of an independent theatrical organization for the performance of the best drama of all kinds is so admirable in itself that its failure for lack of a little foresight would be deplorable. Mr. Robertson and his associates have avoided some of the most conspicuous errors of the New Theatre, but seem to be in danger of adopting others equally perilous. With the whole body of American actors to pick from, it would be impossible at this time to form at a moment's notice a really good stock company, capable of playing tragedy, high comedy, or modern drama in satisfactory fashion. To-day only veteran players, survivors of an earlier generation, have had any training in the older poetic or literary drama. Without such training, which has been made almost impossible by the existing theatrical system, romantic and literary plays, including the comedy of artificial manners, cannot be produced properly. And unless they can be produced properly, nobody who can appreciate their peculiar excellences wishes to see them upon the stage. Nothing is more fatal to the best interests of the theatre than the gross abuse of masterpieces by incompetent performers. Ibsen, Bernstein, Fitch, and their contemporaries demand no such interpretative skill as Shakespeare or Molière.

This is a fact that should be borne in mind by the directors of the Drama Players. In Ibsen Mr. Robertson and his companions acquitted themselves admirably. All of them were experienced in what is known as the modern school of acting, the art of doing commonplace things in a perfectly natural way. But in Molière they were confronted with a problem of a totally different kind—the character types, the situations, and the fundamental humor, indeed, are common to all the ages of civilization, but the manners depicted are those of a special period, while the dialogue is of a highly artificial kind, for all its essential verities, and demands a special nicety of emphasis and diction. Professor Page's English, inevitably, differs widely in form, quality, and rhythm from the French, but is more or less patterned upon it, and is designedly literary and artificial. Plainly, therefore, the representation, to be of any particular artistic value, ought to have reflected Molièresque methods in speech and action. But it was precisely in these respects—formal, graceful, artificial action and smooth, rhythmical, emphatic utterance—that it conspicuously failed. It was a brisk and tolerably effective performance of an ancient farcical comedy according to contemporaneous theatrical methods, but, apart from the costumes and furniture, it offered little that was characteristic of the seventeenth century. This was because the actors, with only one or two exceptions, had never been trained in the school of old-English comedy which is closely akin to the French. In short, the Drama Players committed a similar mistake to that of the New Theatre in trying to improve "The School for Scandal" by giving it a more modern atmosphere. It is no small proof of Molière's genius that he suffered less from the experiment than did Sheridan. It is pretty safe to say that Mr. Robertson's company, whatever distinction it may achieve in the modern drama, will do nothing worth while in the classics of the stage, until it has been well drilled in the rudiments of elocution and gesture. The comparative success won by "The Learned Ladies" was due to its own intrinsic theatrical merits, which were only partly obscured by inadequate interpetation. The capacity of the Drama Players in good modern drama will be tested more effectually in "The Thunderbolt" of Pinero, which they are to play next.

Cyril Maude's experiment with "Rip Van Winkle" at the London Playhouse proved vain, as might have been expected. His stage version of the legend did not differ much—if printed reports can be trusted—from that with which Jefferson made the English-speaking world familiar, and a worse play it would be difficult to find anywhere. The glamour which the genius of a single actor has thrown about this piece is extraordinary. In the popular eye it has long been regarded as a dramatic masterpiece, while confiding pastors of many denominations used to recommend it to their flocks as one of the few entertainments provided by the theatre which could not justly be accounted pernicious. As a matter of fact, it is not only one of the flimsiest, but one of the most immoral plays that have ever flourished behind the footlights. It demands sympathy with a lazy, drunken vagabond, who reduces himself and his family to beggary and in the end regains prosperity by using a lawyer's trick to evade the claims of his creditors. But Jefferson so glorified the shabby theatrical fabric with his humor and pathos that few playgoers ever thought of its true character or cared about it if they did. The play, in this case, was not the thing at all. Rip died with Joseph Jefferson, and it is not at all likely that any future actor will succeed in resuscitating him. Such a miracle could be wrought only by a comedian of the rarest artistic insight and capacity, and he could put his gifts to much better purpose. Mr. Maude has now returned to his legitimate sphere in "Dad," an English adaptation by Capt. John Kendall from the "Papa" of Robert de Flers and G. A. de Caillavet. This is an essentially Gallic tale of a gay father who enters against his son in the lists of love, and proves the successful suitor.

A new play which Frederick Lonsdale has written for Cyril Maude tells the story of a trial engagement, in which the principals agree to a formal betrothal with the understanding that either is at liberty to renounce it at any time before a certain date, after which, if there has been no breach, matrimony shall follow.

The Viennese actor, Max Pallenberg, who is credited with the possession of both tragic and comic power, has been engaged, after much negotiation, to play the part of the Troubadour in Professor Reinhardt's forthcoming spectacle at the London Olympia. The part seems to offer great opportunities to a versatile actor, as it is supposed to symbolize all the trials and temptations to which a nun might be exposed upon leaving the cloister for the outer world.

For the first production of its thirteenth season the Incorporated Stage Society of London has selected a dramatization of George Moore's novel, "Esther Waters;" made by the author himself. It is many years since a play from his pen has been seen in a West End theatre.

Music

Thirty Songs by Franz Liszt. Edited by Carl Armbruster. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

A Century of Russian Song. Collected and Edited by Kurt Schindler. New York: G. Schirmer. $2 net.

Jewish Folk Songs. Collected, Harmonized and Arranged by Platon Brounoff. New York: Chas. K. Harris. $2.

The assertion of an eminent Frenchman that "musicians do not love masterworks" is borne out particularly by the average song recital programme. Robert Franz, in a letter to Mr. Apthorp, referred to "the boundless vanity of professional singers," adding that "these gentry never care for the thing itself, but only for their own personal success." The historian Ambros commented on the custom of concert singers of searching the volumes of songs for those ending with loud high notes, which, like the old Roman *vos plaudite*, are an appeal for applause. Adding to these traits the natural indolence of most vocalists, which made Liszt remark sarcastically that it would be too much to ask them to enlarge their repertory by learning new songs, we can understand why so many mastersongs are neglected in our concert halls. Liszt himself was one of those who suffered most from such neglect. In his case there was a further impediment in the difficulty and expressiveness of his piano parts, which made it necessary, in order to obtain the best results, to have a player of the same rank as the singer. And thus it has come about that of his sixty or more *lieder* only half a dozen have been adopted by professional singers.

In this centenary year it may perhaps be hoped that some, at any rate, of the singers will take the trouble to bring forward a few of his neglected mastersongs. They will find a good selection of them in the volume just issued by the Ditson Co. The editor, Mr. Armbruster, may be commended for the

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choice he has made; also for the footnotes to many of the songs, which will aid both singer and pianist in matters of expression. The introductory pages are concerned mostly with a sketch of Liszt's career. Of eleven columns, only two are concerned with the songs themselves and those two are not particularly valuable or discriminating. We read that Liszt's "Hungarian descent and French education prevented him from quite becoming a German." As a matter of fact, it is in his songs that the cosmopolitan Liszt is peculiarly German. Goethe, Heine, and Schiller are the poets most favored by him, and in his settings of their songs, he is like the best Teuton composers in depth of feeling, spontaneity, tenderness, and dreamy pathos. Mr. Armbruster is particularly impressed in these songs with their composer's "Titan-like command of musical expression." Liszt, he adds, "has produced gems, the charm of which is absolutely irresistible to an unprejudiced hearer." The bibliography is far from complete. In particular, it is surprising that under the head of Essays and Sketches, the only two volumes in the English language that have special chapters on Liszt's songs are not mentioned. One is "Songs and Song Writers"; the other, Hueffer's "Wagner and the Music of the Future."

Until recently, the public and the singers who entertain it at recitals knew little of Russian songs, excepting those of Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky. A few months ago, Breitkopf & Härtel issued a collection of nineteen, seven of which are by Moussorgsky, the others by Rachmaninov. To this the Schirmers have now added a clearly printed and beautifully bound collection of fifty, by a dozen Russians. The list includes, besides the two just mentioned, Glinka, Dargomijsky, Rubinstein, Borodine, Cui, Balakirev, Rimsky-Korsakov, Arensky, Glazunov, Tchaikovsky. In making his selections, Mr. Schindler was guided, as he admits, not so much by the beauty of the songs or by his personal preferences, as by the desire to place before the English-speaking public those songs that are "the most direct expression of the Russian national character."

Years ago we expressed the opinion that Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky differed from other Russian composers, in having real creative genius, especially from the melodic point of view. A perusal of this volume of songs does not modify that verdict. The best twelve songs in it are the six by Rubinstein and the six by Tchaikovsky, although they are not the best written by those composers. How Mr. Schindler can call Moussorgsky "Russia's greatest musician" is incomprehensible. His opera "Boris Godounov" we have not yet heard (it is to be produced this season at the Metropolitan), but in his songs he certainly does not reveal the divine faculty of creating new melodic ideas. Rosa Newmarch, whose articles on the Russian composers in the new edition of Grove are the best by far ever written on them, says that, "had the realistic schools of painting and fiction never come into being, we might still reconstruct from Moussorgsky's songs the whole psychology of Russian life." That may be true; Mr. Schindler in his preface gives some very interesting details corroborating that assertion, and from this point of view, in particular, the songs of all these Russians are worthy of attention. But, after all, psychology, poetic realism, sympathy with peasants, and national melancholy are not in themselves music, and from the purely musical point of view Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky remain, even if they are not "nationalists," Russia's greatest composers. Melodically the songs of the other ten Russians in this collection are of interest when they copy or recall the folk music of their country.

Not a few Russian songs, notably Rubinstein's, are colored by quaintly fascinating Oriental melodic intervals. This, as a matter of course, is true also of the "Jewish Folk Songs" issued by Platon Brounoff. Mr. Brounoff is musically a descendant of Rubinstein, whom he also strikingly resembles in appearance. He has composed works that are superior to most of the novelties produced in our concert halls and which some day will be produced there. His collection of Jewish songs appeals not only to those of his race but to all lovers of good music. They are the best of about 250 he has written down after hearing them sung by Hebrews who have preserved the traditions. Possibly some were borrowed by them—it is as impossible to tell as it is difficult to make a distinction between Semitic traits in music and Oriental coloring in general; but the main thing is that these Jewish songs have melodic charm and that Mr. Brounoff has set them to piano parts that are not only musicianly, but preserve and emphasize their spirit.

A new biography of Richard Strauss will soon be published in Berlin by Schuster & Loeffler. It will have sixty portraits of the composer, and analyses of his compositions, including eighty that have never been published.

The lately discovered Beethoven symphony will shortly be published by Breitkopf & Härtel. That it is a juvenile work by the great symphonist, Prof. Fritz Stein of Jena gives good reasons to believe in a forty-six-page brochure, entitled "Eine Jugendsymphonie Beethovens?"

New operas, in the days of Grau and Conried, were usually produced near the end of the season, as it was taken for granted that they would not be given more than two or three times. The lesson taught by Oscar Hammerstein, and recent experiences at the Metropolitan, where two of last-season's novelties, Humperdinck's "Königskinder" and Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," led in the number of performances, have changed all that. This year not only are these two operas in the first week's repertory, but an actual novelty, Thuille's "Lobetanz," is to be produced on Saturday afternoon. The $10,000 prize-opera "Mona," by Professor Parker, has been postponed until January, owing to the temporary absence of the prima donna who is to create the principal rôle. In the meantime we are to hear one or more of several other novelties promised, probably Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose." Whether Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth," and Nevin's "Twilight" also will be staged remains to be seen. Among the revivals promised it is pleasant to see Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Boïto's "Mefistofele," and Rossini's "William Tell." The list of singers is as strong as ever in the past so far as sopranos, tenors, and baritones are concerned. Why great contraltos and basses are so scarce no one can explain. Among this year's newcomers the most noted are Luisa Tetrazzini (not heretofore a regular member of the company), the famous Munich contralto, Margarete Matzenauer, who won a great success as Amneris in "Aïda" on Monday, and two other Germans, both of them Wagner specialists, the tenor Heinrich Hensel and the baritone Herman Weil.

Lillian Nordica's appearances with the Philharmonic Orchestra will be on November 27, 28, 29. Her Western tour, which began on September 28, has been a series of triumphs. From February 5 to 17 she will sing at the Boston Opera House with the Symphony Orchestra in German rôles. It was due to her that the noted conductor, Felix Weingartner, consented to come to this country and take charge of the ten performances. After that, until she again goes upon a short road tour with Mr. Shipman, the diva will be heard in New York at several charitable entertainments. She expects to give some attention to the singing class she organized last winter in connection with the Political Equality Association.

No opera holds its own better than Gounod's "Faust." Recently it had its 1,400th performance in Paris. Yet, when it was first produced, in 1859, it was not a success. The critics condemned it almost unreservedly, and nobody seemed to believe in the opera's future. The composer actually experienced difficulty in finding a publisher. One, however, more discriminating than the rest, by name Choudens, bought the opera for 8,000 francs, and in so doing laid the foundations of a great business. When Frederick Gye heard "Faust" in Paris he confidently asserted that it contained only two really good numbers, the "Soldiers' Chorus" being one of them. Nor did Tom Chappell form a much higher opinion of the music, but, as a speculation, undertook to pay £160 for the English performing rights. The 300th performance of the work at Covent Garden occurred two years ago. Lately it was given for the 800th time at the Brussels Monnaie, where, in the last half-century, there have been 78 representatives of Marguerite.

Edmund Schuecker, the harpist, known both in this country and Europe, died a week ago in Kreuznach, Germany. He was

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the harpist for the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1910, and in 1888 he received the title of "court harpist" from the Grand Duke Ernest of Saxony.

Art

G. Griffin Lewis has prepared a "Practical Book of Oriental Rugs," which will soon be brought out by J. B. Lippincott.

"Architecture and Environment" is the promising title of a book by L. March Phillips, which Holt announces.

In his book, "History of English Ironwork of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," announced by B. T. Batsford, J. Starkie Gardner describes such features as gates, balconies, fanlights, vanes, and signs.

Botticelli's Miracles of St. Zenobius, which has been bought by the Metropolitan Museum, is the fourth of a series of *cassone* panels of which the Dresden Gallery owns one, and the Mond Collection two. In the panel acquired by the Metropolitan Museum three scenes are represented. Possibly it is a shade less fine than the other three, the architecture being less fine and less ingeniously disposed. But a Botticelli is now so difficult to come by that the museum is to be congratulated warmly on this acquisition. Curator Bryson Burroughs, in the *Bulletin* of the Museum, describes and discusses the panel and suggests a date near the Calumny (1490-95). This is a compromise between the views of Dr. Richter, who dates it early, and Mr. Horne, who sets it very late. We incline strongly to Mr. Horne's view. The considerable difference between these four St. Zenobius panels and the mystical Nativity (dated 1500) in the National Gallery is due to the fact that the Nativity is painted on canvas and is a nocturne. Such minor but desirable accessions as a Mars and Venus by Sodoma and a *cassone* front by Matteo da Siena attest an intelligent activity with which the press endeavors in vain to cope. J. P. Morgan has lent to the Museum a very fine Annunciation by that rare master, Rogier de la Pasture. It was formerly one of the show pieces, first of the Ashburnham, then of the Kann collection.

In connection with the loan exhibition of early American silver now open at the Metropolitan Museum, there has been issued a "Catalogue of an Exhibition of Silver used in New York, New Jersey, and the South." Somewhat less elaborate than the catalogue published some years ago at Boston, covering New England silver, the present pamphlet is beautiful in its typographical clarity and simplicity—a worthy product of the Gilliss press. There are many half-tone illustrations, and R. T. Haines Halsey, the well-known authority on Colonial antiquities, has contributed valuable notes on the early New York silversmiths. Apart from their immediate purpose, these notes have interesting and varied historical and personal bearings. Thus the catalogue is a model of its kind, being not merely a guide, but also a permanent contribution to the study of the subject. We may add that the plate of the Middle States has not the uniformly English quality of New England silver; Dutch and even Swedish makers have to be reckoned with.

William Rothenstein's show of lithographs, drawings, and paintings at the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company is of quite exceptional interest and significance. In every class of design this young English artist shows an unflinching energy of draughtsmanship. We cannot dwell upon his famous sketch portraits, in lithographic transfers, of British and Continental celebrities. Obscure folk of taste might well be glad to be portrayed in a fashion at once so convenient, unpretentious, and characterful. In this brief notice it is impossible to praise aright Mr. Rothenstein's recent pencil sketches of Indian types. The expression is of amazing terseness. Only a great draughtsman can imply so much as to mass and character with means so sparse. Often a generation or two passes without producing work of such tonic excellence. These Hindu subjects are so exemplary that it is a pity they should be dispersed. A museum is the place for them.

A collection of old Chinese paintings, bronzes, and potteries at the Montross Galleries is well worth a visit. The finest type of Sung painting is unrepresented, but there are many admirable panels and scrolls of Yuan and Ming periods. Generally speaking, the smaller paintings are of the finer quality. The bronzes include some magnificent archaic examples, and the Sung stone ware with its delicate blue glaze is as fascinating as it is rare.

Howard Pyle died in Florence a week ago of heart failure. He was born in Wilmington, Del., in 1853, and after leaving preparatory school turned to the study of art, three years being spent in Philadelphia. Partially discouraged, he went into business, but was soon reclaimed for the career of his choice by the success attending his early drawings in the magazines. He has described in an amusing fashion how his first assignment in illustration, a picture called Wreck in the Offing, brought him steady employment and set him shortly afterward in the way of making friends of such men, then working in New York, as the late Edwin Abbey, Reinhart, A. B. Frost, Chase, Dielman, and Duveneck, the latter members of the group having lately returned from Europe. He declined an opportunity which came to him at this time for visiting Europe; and throughout his career held pronounced views as to the disadvantages of foreign training and associations. In this respect his ideas approached those of the late Frederic Remington. Howard Pyle did his most important work in periodical illustration. He had no patience with the attitude of distaste which illustrators, of the higher rank too often assume toward their work designed for reproduction. He liked to draw for the accompaniment of text, and did much to dignify the practice. He felt that modern reproductive processes had freed the illustrator from former hindrances by allowing him the widest latitude in his manner of work. No doubt the results he has given us bear him out in this point so far as work in line or in black and white is concerned. But as yet reproduction in colors has left some qualities to be desired. It is worth while to recall this, because he must have recognized it himself. His plates, rich and often gorgeous in color as they were, pictorial in intent and spirited in movement, showed the hand that was acquainted with the shortcomings as well as the successes of the reproductive process. His children's books, with his own text, have taken a place of their own. And the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main rise to thought at the mention of his name. It is a pity that we have not more of his mural work, such as the recent decorations in the Essex County Court House and elsewhere. In the work of younger painters he took an unusually gracious interest, and at Wilmington gathered about him a little band of associates and pupils without ever maintaining an outright school. He threw his influence against dependence on earlier schools of art in the wider sense of the term. He was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and became a full member of the National Academy in 1907. His principal publications are: "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," "Pepper and Salt," "Within the Capes," "The Wonder Clock," "The Rose of Paradise," "Otto of the Silver Hand," "A Modern Aladdin," "Men of Iron," "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," "Twilight Land," "The Garden Behind the Moon," "Semper Idem," "Rejected of Men," "The Story of King Arthur and His Knights," "The Story of the Champions of the Round Table," "The Story of Launcelot and His Companions," and "Stolen Treasure."

The death is reported from Italy of Madame Marie Collart, in her sixty-ninth year. She was well known for her landscape and animal pictures, examples of which are to be found especially in Brussels (her native town) and Antwerp.

Charles A. Reed of the firm of Reed & Stem, executive head of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company architects, and designer of the new Grand Central Terminal in New York, died Sunday evening, at the age of fifty-four. With his partner, he had built no less than one hundred railway stations.

Félix Ziem, one of the last of the romantic school of painters, died in Paris on Friday of last week, at the age of ninety. The Venetian scenes on which his reputation rested are to be found chiefly in the Petit Palais at Paris and in the United States.

Finance

LOOKING AHEAD.

When the prolonged decline on the Stock Exchange occurred last year, and again when prices were swept down in the ten weeks' break which began last July and was hardly checked until the last days of September, it was commonly taken for granted that the investment market's action foreshadowed bad times in trade. And business has certainly been unsatisfactory enough to conform to such a forecast. But the events on the Stock Exchange since the last week of October—the market's action, not only in refusing to get demoralized, for more than two or three hours, over the Steel Corporation suit, but in actually rushing into a rapid 10 or 15-point advance—has naturally invit-

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ed prediction of another sort. Turn about is fair play, even in prophecy; and if the Wall Street break of August and September meant increasing trade reaction, then why should not the November recovery in stocks mean trade revival?

There were voices in plenty to interpret it so. Indeed, nothing is more characteristic in American finance than the promptness with which a sharp rise in stocks will brush away arguments for discouragement and disaster which were lately on every one's lips. Even the conclusive reasoning that nothing good could happen in business while the Government was pursuing Trusts and a Presidential election was impending, was thrown hastily overboard when "Steel common" had risen 15 points from the price of October 27. We were to have prosperity at once.

Prosperity will doubtless return at no very distant period, and it is better in any case that the community should have been induced to shake off its recent mood of sullen pessimism. There is nothing unreasonable in assuming that the stock market action, during the past three weeks, has foreshadowed better things in trade. But people who do not want to incur disappointment will be wise in not expecting too much overnight.

The whole Stock Exchange episode, since the announcement of the Government suit against the Steel Trust has a singular resemblance to another incident on the Stock Exchange, in connection with a Government suit against another Trust. It was a good while ago. In March of 1904, the stock market had been declining almost uninterruptedly for nine months. Alarming announcements had crowded on one another. Prices in the great metal industries had been swept into seemingly endless demoralization. The $100,000,000 Lake Superior combination had gone bankrupt, the Shipbuilding Trust had collapsed, three or four other trade amalgamations had assessed their shareholders to maintain solvency. The Steel Trust had stopped dividends on its common stock.

The country's cotton crop had fallen disastrously short of trade requirements. Stock market values had been breaking almost uninterruptedly for the nine preceding months, and the price of Steel common had got down nearly to 8 cents on the dollar. Japan had declared war against Russia; there had been a panic on the Paris Bourse. On top of all this, and in rapid sequence to it, came the Supreme Court's decision against the Northern Securities combination, and the order for dissolution. In the eyes of Wall Street and its outside clients, there was absolutely nothing in the outlook of that day to encourage hope. The entire financial world watched the Stock Exchange on Monday, March 14, when the Northern Securities announcement came, to see what sort of financial catastrophe would ensue.

But there was no catastrophe. Bulls and bears, speculators and investors, stared dumbly in one another's faces, waiting for somebody to begin the selling. Nothing happened, until at length some alert financial leaders jumped to the conclusion that, since nobody would sell on the culmination of bad news, it must be because there were no more stocks for sale. The market was "sold out"; the event was not only discounted, but overdiscounted; and in early sequence to the news from Washington, the New York stock market began to rise. It was up 5 to 10 points within a week, Northern Securities stock rising with it, and the reputed largest buyer on the rise was no less a personage than Harriman—one of the most conspicuous defendants in the very law suit just decided against the railways.

Now the rather close points of resemblance between March, 1904, and November, 1911, hardly need to be pointed out. But possibly the longer results in 1904 are worth recalling. The pace of recovery soon turned out to have been altogether too fast. The trade revival, which people began to say was foreshadowed by the advance in stocks, was very much more deliberate. Things grew considerably worse in the domain of industry before they grew any better; it was some months later before even the derangement of prices in the steel trade was arrested. A week or two after the March advance in stocks had reached its climax, the Stock Exchange itself was confronted with a severe and discouraging reaction. Judged by the longer future, the prophecy of the March market of 1904, in regard to trade revival, was correct; the late autumn witnessed signs of genuine recovery, and 1905 was a year of great industrial prosperity. But the process took enough time to dishearten the most enthusiastic believers. If the sequel on the present occasion were to be the same, it would not be mere coincidence, but a repetition of events, under the working-out of the same normal economic law.

Politics we shall have with us, of course—though stock markets and business conditions have been known to "discount" even Presidential elections months in advance. We shall have the "trust problem" also, and whatever actually happens in that field, controversy will rage and the timid business man be frightened by the violence of the argument. But it does not often occur, either to the denouncers of the law or to the frightened investors who listen to them, that the firm yet judicious hand with which the Government has called before the courts these huge trade combinations—even the greatest of them—is the surest guarantee that both the wilder opponents of the court and the wilder opponents of the trusts will be disarmed, if not silenced. Beyond that certainty stands the other important fact that long strides have been made, these past eight months, in the sound and sane application of a national policy which every intelligent man is aware has come to stay.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, James. Eight Pillars of Prosperity. Crowell. $1 net.

An Open Letter to Society, from Convict 1776. Introduction by Maud B. Booth. Revell. 75 cents net.

Armfield, Constance. Sylvia's Travels. Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield. Dutton. $2.50.

Bell, F. G. The Magic of Spain. Lane. $1.50 net.

Berchet, G. Opere, Vol. 1, Poesie. Edited by E. Bellorini. (Scrittori D'Italia.) Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Blomfield, Reginald. A History of French Architecture, 1494 to 1661. 2 vols. Macmillan. $20 net.

Bone, J. Edinburgh Revisited. Drawings by H. Fletcher. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5 net.

Bryant, E. A. Selection of the Best English and Scottish Ballads. Crowell. 75 cents net.

Bryson, C. L. Woodsy Neighbours of Tan and Teckle. Revell. $1.25 net.

Budge, E. A. Wallis. Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection. 2 vols. Putnams. $10.50 net.

Burrell, D. J. At the Gate Beautiful. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.

Camden Society Publications. Third Series, Vols. xviii, xix: Camden Miscellany, vol. xii; Despatches from Paris, 1784-1790, vol. ii (1788-1790). London: The Society.

Canadian Society of New York. Year-Book.

Carter, J. B. The Religious Life of Ancient Rome. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Christmas in the Heart: A Book of Gladness and Devotion. Doran.

Christmas Roses. Selections and Verses by May Byron. Doran.

Chesterton, G. K. The Ballad of the White Horse. Lane. $1.25 net.

Collodi, C. Pinocchio. Trans. by M. A. Murray. Illustrated. Dutton. $2.50.

Dana, R. H., jr. Two Years Before the Mast. Introduction by R. H. Dana, 3d. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Daring, Hope. Valadero Ranch. American Tract Society. $1.

Dawson, W. J. One Night in Bethlehem. Doran.

Dent, E. J. Mozart's Opera, The Magic Flute: Its History and Interpretation. Cambridge (England): W. Heffer & Sons.

Dickens, C. Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. Illustrated in color, by C. Aldin. 2 vols. Dutton. $7.50 net.

Dickens's A Christmas Tree; The Holly Tree Inn. Pictured in color by H. M. Brock. Doran.

Edwards, G. W. Some Old Flemish Towns. Illustrated. Moffat, Yard. $4 net.

Emerson, R. W. Threnody and Other Poems. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.

Espitalier, Albert. Napoleon and King Murat. Trans. from the French by J. L. May. Lane. $4 net.

European Years: Letters of an Idle Man. Edited by G. E. Woodberry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Everts, K. J. Vocal Expression. Harper. $1.

Finn, Frank. The Wild Beasts of the World. Illustrated in full colors. Stokes.

Forman, S. E. The American Republic: A Test in Civics. Century. $1.10 net.

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